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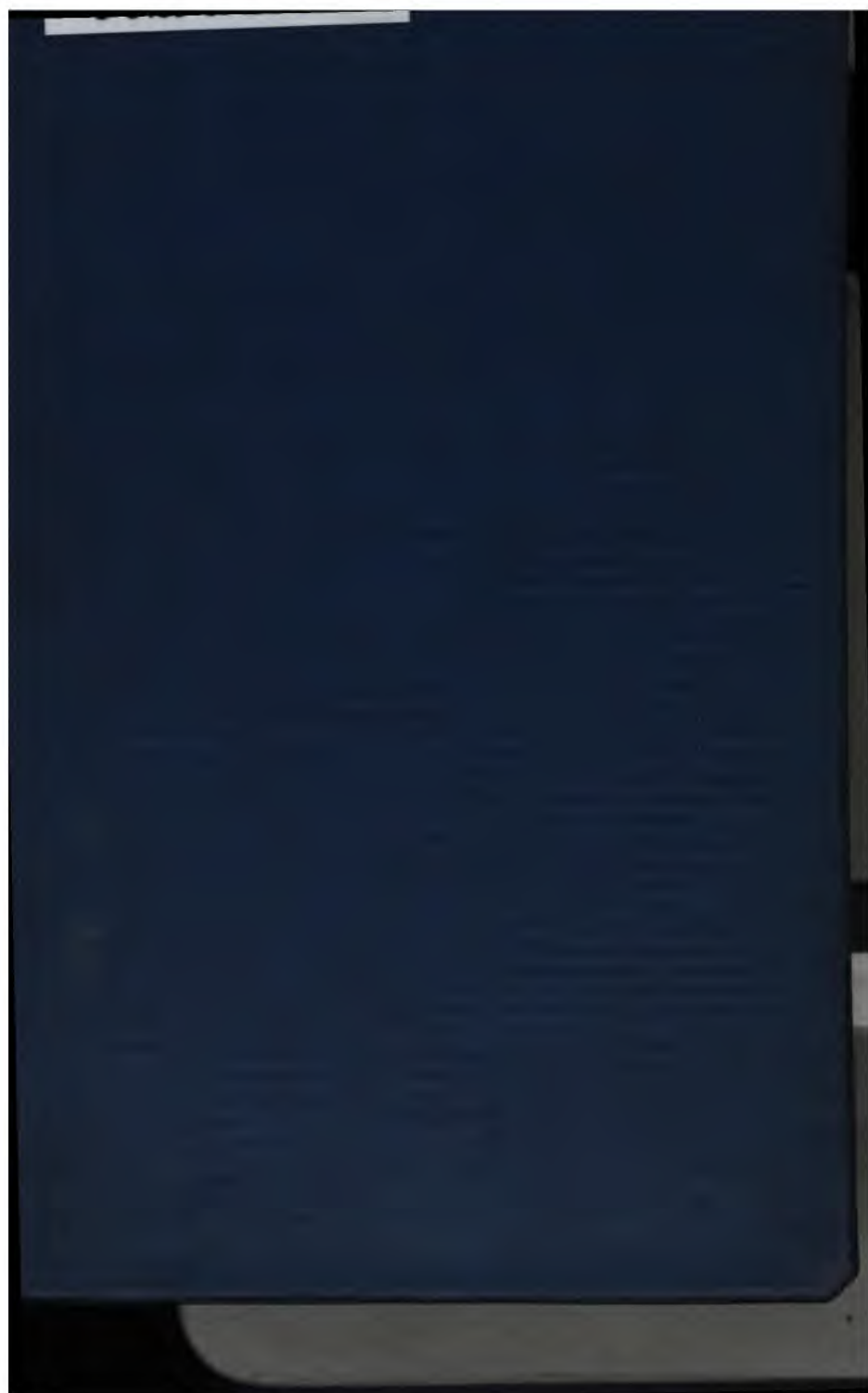
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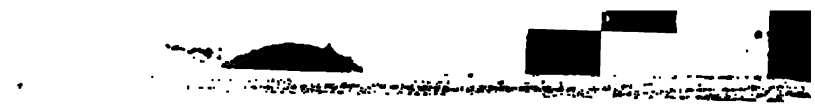
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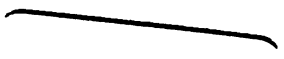
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HOEKZEMA'S
GLEANINGS FROM ENGLISH POETRY.

HOEKZEMA'S
GLEANINGS FROM ENGLISH POETRY.

FOURTH EDITION. — REVISED BY

IZ. GORTER

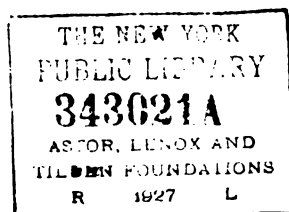
AND

A. PICNOT,

ENGLISH MASTER AT THE 'RIJKS HOOGERE BURGERSCHOOL'
OF GRONINGEN.

GRONINGEN: J. B. WOLTERS, 1883.

RC



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Printed by J. B. Wolters.
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ROY WEN
JUL 1927
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P R E F A C E.

The fourth edition of Hoekzema's Gleanings from English Poetry has, like the seventh edition of the Prose Gleanings, undergone considerable changes.

These alterations are caused not only by the addition of selections from contemporary poets, but also by the classification of the selections: the book has been divided into three distinct parts.

The first part will be seen to comprise about sixty pages of *Miscellaneous Poems*, of which some are plain and easy, others selected from poets that cannot be classed among those whose influence on English literature is of a preponderating kind: — specimens have also been added from writers whose poetry does not claim a place of mark in a compilation like the present.

The second part "*English Poetry*" and the third "*American Poetry*" are chronologically arranged.

After mature deliberation we have decided not to include the selections from Shakspeare's Plays, found in the third edition, as in most cases it

will be found preferable to read one or more of the plays themselves with pupils.

It has been our aim to form an attractive and suitable selection of poetry for the pupils of Gymnasiums, Middle Class Schools for Girls or Boys, and schools of a similar kind.

We have experienced great difficulty in keeping in view our object of finding not only suitable but characteristic or representative selections, reflecting the style and the genius of the writer.

Should we have successfully grappled with these difficulties, we trust that this Poetry Book, in its new form, will prove of use in teaching English literature, as well as a pleasant companion to the prose reader of lower forms.

May it arouse in the pupils a desire for a wider acquaintance with the treasures of English Poetry.

GRONINGEN, July 1893.

Iz. GORTER.

A. PICNOT.

PROY WAB
2.189
1893

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Read our Poets: they shall weave
A garden of green fancies still,
Where thy wish may rove at will.
They have kept for after-treats
The essences of summer sweets,
And echoes of its songs that wind
In endless music through the mind.
They have stamped in visible traces
The "thoughts that breathe": in words that shine —
The flights of soul in sunny places —
To greet and company with thine.

T. Hood.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

2. THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I am coming, little maiden!
With the pleasant sunshine laden,
With the honey for the bee,
With the blossom for the tree,
With the flower and with the leaf:
Till I come, the time is brief.

I am coming, I am coming!
Hark! the little bee is humming;
See! the lark is soaring high
In the bright and sunny sky;
And the gnats are on the wing,
Wheeling round in airy ring.

See! the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on banks of mossy green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And, their clustering leaves below,
White and purple violets blow.

Hark! the new-born lambs are bleating;
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms — a noisy crowd!
All the birds are singing loud;
And the first white butterfly
In the sunshine dances by.

Look around thee — look around!
 Flowers in all the fields abound;
 Every running stream is bright;
 All the orchard trees are white,
 And each small and waving shoot
 Promises sweet flowers and fruit.

Turn thine eyes to earth and heaven!
 God for thee the Spring has given;
 Taught the birds their melodies,
 Clothed the earth, and cleared the skies,
 For thy pleasure or thy food: —
 Pour thy soul in gratitude!

MARY HOWITT.

3. PERSEVERE.

Drive the nail aright, boys,
 Hit it on the head;
 Strike with all your might, boys,
 While the iron's red.

When you've work to do, boys,
 Do it with a will;
 They who reach the top, boys,
 First must climb the hill.

Standing at the foot, boys,
 Gazing at the sky,
 How can you get up, boys.
 If you never try?

Though you stumble oft, boys,
 Never be down-cast;
 Try, and try again, boys, —
 You'll succeed at last.

4. ONLY A SOLDIER.

Unarmed and unattended walks the Czar
 Through Moscow's busy street one winter day.
 The crowd uncover as his face they see:
 "God greet the Czar!" they say.

Along his path there moved a funeral,
 Grave spectacle of poverty and woe —
 A wretched sledge, dragged by one weary man
 Slowly across the snow.

And on the sledge, blown by the winter wind,
 Lay a poor coffin, very rude and bare;
 And he who drew it bent before his load
 With dull and sullen air.

The emperor stopped, and beckoned to the man.
 "Who is't thou bearest to the grave?" he said.
 "Only a soldier, sire!" the short reply, —
 "Only a soldier, dead."

"Only a soldier!" musing, said the Czar:
 "Only a Russian, who was poor and brave.
 Move on; I follow. Such an one goes not
 Unhonoured to his grave."

He bent his head, and silent raised his cap;
 The Czar of all the Russias, pacing slow,
 Followed the coffin as again it went
 Slowly across the snow.

The passers of the street, all wondering,
 Looked on that sight, then followed silently;
 Peasant and prince, and artisan and clerk,
 All in one company.

Still as they went, the crowd grew ever more,
 Till thousands stood around the friendless grave,
 Led by that princely heart, who, royal, true,
 Honoured the poor and brave.

5. THE SKY-LARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
 Blithesome and cumberless,
 Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place —
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
 Far in the downy cloud;
 Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
 Where, on thy dewy wing,
 Where art thou journeying?
 Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
 O'er moor and mountain green,
 O'er the red streamer that heralds the day;
 Over the cloudlet dim,
 Over the rainbow's rim,
 Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
 Low in the heather blooms
 Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
 Emblem of happiness,
 Blest is thy dwelling-place —
 Oh to abide in the desert with thee!

JAMES HOGG.

6. I REMEMBER, I REMEMBER.

I remember, I remember
 The house where I was born,
 The little window where the sun
 Came peeping in at morn:
 He never came a wink too soon,
 Nor brought too long a day,
 But now, I often wish the night
 Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
 The roses, red and white,
 The violets, and the lily-cups,
 Those flowers made of light!
 The lilacs where the robin built,
 And where my brother set
 The laburnum on his birth-day, —
 The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
 Where I was used to swing,
 And thought the air must rush as fresh
 To swallows on the wing:
 My spirit flew in feathers then,
 That is so heavy now,
 And summer pools could hardly cool
 The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
 The fir-trees dark and high;
 I used to think their slender tops
 Were close against the sky:
 It was a childish ignorance,
 But now 'tis little joy
 To know I'm farther off from heav'n
 Than when I was a boy.

T. Hood

7. SUNSHINE.

I love the sunshine everywhere —
In wood, and field, and glen;
I love it in the busy haunts
Of town-imprisoned men.

I love it when it streameth in
The humble cottage door,
And casts the chequered casement shade
Upon the red brick floor.

I love it where the children lie
Deep in the clovery grass,
To watch among the twining roots
The gold-green beetles pass.

I love it on the breezy sea,
To glance on sail and oar,
While the great waves, like molten glass,
Come leaping to the shore.

I love it on the mountain-tops,
Where lies the thawless snow,
And half a kingdom, bathed in light,
Lies stretching out below.

How beautiful on little streams,
When sun and shade at play,
Make silvery meshes; while the brook
Goes singing on its way.

How beautiful, where dragon-flies
Are wondrous to behold,
With rainbow wings of gauzy pearl,
And bodies blue and gold!

10. YOUTH AND MANHOOD.

Youth, that pursuest with such eager pace
 Thy even way,
 Thou pantest on, to win a mournful race:
 Then stay! oh, stay!

Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain;
 Loiter, — enjoy:
 Once past, thou never wilt come back again,
 A second boy.

The hills of manhood wear a noble face,
 When seen from far;
 The mist of light from which they take their grace
 Hides what they are.

The dark and weary path those cliffs between
 Thou canst not know,
 And how it leads to regions never-green,
 Dead fields of snow.

Pause, while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gai
 Which, all too fast,
 Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
 A man at last.

LORD HOUGHTON.

11. DOLLY AND DICK.

Dolly came into the meadow
 And sat on the grass to cry;
 Her tears made the daisies wither,
 And the yellow buttercups die.

The little birds heard her sobbing;
 Their songs broke off in surprise:
 What could have happened to Dolly,
 That she had such sorrowful eyes?

"I am unhappy!" cried Dolly,
 Sobbing aloud in despair;
 "I fought with Dick in the garden,
 And pulled out a lot of his hair."

Softly there flew down a robin —
 A dear little redbreast bird;
 His voice was clear as the ripples
 Of a pool which the wind has stirred:

"After the night comes the morning,
 After the winter the spring:
 We can begin again, Dolly,
 And be sorry for everything.

"It is a pity to quarrel;
 I think it never is right:
 But if you fight in the day-time,
 You can make it up in the night.

"We love, and so we are happy;
 No beautiful thing ever ends:
 'Tis good to cry and be sorry,
 But better to kiss and be friends."

Dolly stopped crying to listen,
 But the robin had flown away.
 "I'll go and say I am sorry
 I quarrelled with Dick to-day."

"What made you come back?" asked Dicky,
 As they kissed on the nursery stairs.
 "I met," said Dolly, "a robin
 Who, I think, was saying his prayers."

E. COXHEAD.

12. A CHILD'S SONG.

"I see the Moon, and the Moon sees me,
God bless the Moon, and God bless me."

Old Rhyme.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

Are you tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale, and so sad, as for ever
Wishing to weep?

Ask me not this, little child! if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me
And do as I'm told.

Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?
Over the sea.
Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
All that love me.

LORD HOUGHTON.

13. THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells,
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main? —
Pale glistening pearls, and rainbow-coloured shells,
Bright things which gleam unrecked of and in vain. —
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy Sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more! What wealth untold,
 Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
 Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
 Won from ten thousand royal argosies, —
 Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful main!
 Earth claims not these again!

Yet more, the depths have more! Thy waves have rolled
 Above the cities of a world gone by!
 Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
 Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry! —
 Dash o'er them, Ocean, in thy scornful play!
 Man yields them to decay!

Yet more, the billows and the depths have more!
 High hearts and brave are gathered to thy breast!
 They hear not now the booming waters roar;
 The battle-thunders will not break their rest! —
 Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
 Give back the true and brave!

Give back the lost and lovely! those for whom
 The place was kept at board and hearth so long,
 The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
 And the vain yearning woke midst festal song!
 Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'erthrown —
 But all is not thine own!

To thee the love of woman hath gone down;
 Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
 O'er youth's bright locks and beauty's flowery crown:
 Yet must thou hear a voice — Restore the dead!
 Earth shall reclaim her precious things from thee! —
 Restore the dead, thou Sea!

MRS. HEMANS.

Upon her head and eyelids wet
 His hands he gently laid;
 And touched each withered violet,
 And blessed the little maid;
 Then passed away: the glad bells broke
 Upon the frosty air;
 The little flower-girl turned and woke ---
 Her flowers are fresh and fair!

F. E. WEATHERLY.

17. THE TIGER.

Tiger, tiger, burning bright,
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Framed thy fearful symmetry?

 In what distant deeps or skies
 Burned that fire within thine eyes?
 On what wings dared he aspire?
 What the hand dared seize the fire?

 And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
 When thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

 What the hammer, what the chain,
 Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
 What the anvil? what dread grasp
 Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

 When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did He smile His work to see?
 Did He who made the lamb make thee?

W. BLAKE

18. THE THREE FISHERS.

Three fishers went sailing away to the West,
 Away to the West as the sun went down;
 Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the town;
 For men must work, and women must weep,
 And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
 They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown.
 But men must work and women must weep,
 Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
 And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
 In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
 And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
 For those who will never come home to the town;
 For men must work and women must weep,
 And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep;
 And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

19. HOW'S MY BOY?

Ho, sailor of the sea!
 How's my boy — my boy?
 "What's your boy's name, good wife,
 And in what good ship sailed he?"
 My boy John —
 He that went to sea —
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 My boy's my boy to me.

You come back from sea
 And not know my John?
 I might as well have asked some landsman
 Yonder down in the town.
 There's not an ass in all the parish
 But he knows my John.

How's my boy — my boy?
 And unless you let me know
 I'll swear you are no sailor,
 Blue jacket or no,
 Brass button or no, sailor,
 Anchor and crown or no!
 Sure his ship was the *Jolly Briton* —
 "Speak low, woman, speak low!"

And why should I speak low, sailor,
 About my own boy, John?
 If I was loud as I am proud,
 I'd sing him over the town!
 Why should I speak low, sailor?
 "That good ship went down!"

How's my boy — my boy?
 What care I for the ship, sailor?
 I never was aboard her.
 Be she afloat, or be she aground,
 Sinking or swimming, I'll be bound
 Her owners can afford her!
 I say, how's my John?
 "Every man on board went down,
 Every man aboard her."

How's my boy — my boy?
 What care I for the men, sailor?
 I'm not their mother —
 How's my boy — my boy?
 Tell me of him and no other!
 How's my boy — my boy?

S. DOBEI

20. BONNIE GEORGE CAMPELL.

Hie upon Hielands,
 And low upon Tay,
 Bonnie George Campbell
 Rade out on a day;
 Saddled and bridled,
 And gallant rade he:
 Hame cam' his gude horse,
 But hame cam' na he.

Out ran his auld mither,
 Greeting¹ fu' sair;
 Out ran his bonnie bride,
 Reaving² her hair.
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he:
 Hame cam' his gude horse,
 But never cam' he.

"My meadow lies green,
 And my corn is unshorn;
 My barn is to bigg³,
 And my babie's unborn."
 Saddled and bridled
 And bootied rade he:
 Toom⁴ hame cam' the saddle,
 And never cam' he.

21. THE AUTUMN LEAF.

Poor autumn leaf! down floating
 Upon the blustering gale;
 Torn from thy bough,
 Where goest now,
 Withered, and shrunk, and pale?

reeting, weeping.
igg, build.

² *Reaving*, rending.
⁴ *Toom*, empty.

"I go, thou sad inquirer,
 As list the winds to blow,
 Sear, sapless, lost,
 And tempest-tost,
 I go where all things go.

The rude winds bear me onward
 As suiteth them, not me,
 O'er dale, o'er hill,
 Through good, through ill,
 As destiny bears thee.

What though for me one summer,
 And threescore for thy breath —
 I live my span,
 Thou thine, poor man!
 And then adown to death!

And thus we go together;
 For lofty as thy lot,
 And lowly mine,
 My fate is thine,
 To die and be forgot!"

MACKAY.

22. YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

Ye Mariners of England! —
 That guard our native seas;
 Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
 The battle and the breeze!
 Your glorious standard launch again
 To match another foe!
 And sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
 Shall start from every wave! —
 For the deck it was their field of fame,
 And Ocean was their grave:
 Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
 Your manly hearts shall glow,
 As ye sweep through the deep,
 While the stormy winds do blow;
 While the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep;
 Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
 Her home is on the deep.
 With thunders from her native oak,
 She quells the floods below, —
 As they roar on the shore,
 When the stormy winds do blow;
 When the battle rages loud and long,
 And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
 Shall yet terrific burn;
 Till danger's troubled night depart,
 And the star of peace return.
 Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
 Our song and feast shall flow
 To the fame of your name,
 When the storm has ceased to blow;
 When the fiery fight is heard no more,
 And the storm has ceased to blow.

CAMPBELL.

23. THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION.

One night came on a hurricane,
 The sea was mountains rolling,
 When Barney Buntline turn'd his quid,
 And said to Billy Bowling:
 "A strong norwester's blowing, Bill;
 Hark! don't ye hear it roar now?
 Lord help'em, how I pities all
 Unhappy folks on shore now!

"Foolhardy chaps who live in towns,
 What dangers they are all in,
 And now lie quaking in their beds,
 For fear the roof should fall in:
 Poor creatures, how they envies us,
 And wishes (I've a notion),
 For our good luck, in such a storm,
 To be upon the ocean.

"And as for them who're out all day
 On business from their houses,
 And late at night are coming home
 To cheer their babes and spouses;
 While you and I, Bill, on the deck
 Are comfortably lying;
 My eyes! what tiles and chimney-pots
 About their heads are flying!

"And often have we seamen heard
 How men are kill'd and undone,
 By overturns of carriages,
 And thieves, and fires, in London.
 We know what risks all landmen run,
 From noblemen to tailors;
 Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
 That you and I are sailors."

DIBDIN.

24. VIOLETS.

Welcome, maids of honour!
 You do bring
 In the Spring,
 And wait upon her.

She has virgins many,
 Fresh and fair;
 Yet you are
 More sweet than any.

You're the maiden posies;
 And so graced;
 To be placed
 'Fore damask roses.

Yet, though thus respected,
 By and by
 Ye do lie,
 Poor girls, neglected.

R. HERRICK

25. THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE.

He cannot walk, he cannot speak,
 Nothing he knows of books and men,
 He is the weakest of the weak,
 And has not strength to hold a pen.
 He has no pocket and no purse,
 Nor ever yet has owned a penny,
 But has more riches than his nurse,
 Because he wants not any.

He rules his parents by a cry,
 And holds them captive by a smile,
 A despot, strong through infancy,
 A king, from lack of guile.

He lies upon his back and crows,
 Or looks with grave eyes on his mother
 What can he mean? But I suppose
 They understand each other.

Indoors or out, early or late,
 There is no limit to his sway;
 For wrapt in baby-robcs of state
 He governs night and day.
 Kisses he takes as rightful due,
 And, Turk-like, has his slaves to dress him;
 His subjects bend before him too:
 I'm one of them, God bless him!

J. DENNIS.

26. THE IVY GREEN.

O a dainty plant is the Ivy green,
 That creepeth o'er ruins old!
 On right choice food are his meals, I ween,
 In his cell so lone and cold.
 The wall must be crumbled, the stone decayed,
 To pleasure his dainty whim;
 And the mouldering dust that years have made
 Is a merry meal for him.
 Creeping where no life is seen,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Fast he steals on, though he wears no wings,
 And a staunch old heart has he;
 How closely he twineth, how close he clings
 To his friend the huge Oak Tree!
 And slily he traileth along the ground,
 And his leaves he gently waves,
 As he joyously hugs and crawleth round
 The rich mould of dead men's graves.
 Creeping where grim Death has been,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green.

Whole ages have fled, and their works decayed,
 And nations have scattered been;
 But the stout old Ivy shall never fade
 From its hale and hearty green.
 The brave old plant in its lonely days
 Shall fatten on the past;
 For the stateliest building man can raise
 Is the Ivy's food at last.
 Creeping on where Time has been,
 A rare old plant is the Ivy green!

C. DICKENS.

27. HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE.

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest!
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
 And Freedom shall awhile repair
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

W. COLLINS.

28. AN INVOCATION.

Come, spirit watchers at the golden gateway
 That leads from Earth to realm of Fantasy,
 Guide our perplexèd feet, and bring us straightway
 Where freshest springs and fairest pastures be.

Reveal to us the splendour and the wonder
 Ye show to happy hearts that sojourn long;
 Teach us the mystery that lieth under
 The opening hawthorn and the blackbird's song.

So shall we turn again with gladder faces
 To this our dusty world of every day,
 Our eyes more keen to mark its hidden graces,
 And greet each flower that blossoms on our way.

So may the spells ye taught us still be ours
 In Life's chill Autumn; when the nights are long,
 And still our hearts find treasure of late flowers,
 And hear, through rain and mist, the redbreast's song.

29. THE LOSS OF THE "BIRKENHEAD."

Right on our flank the crimson sun went down,
 The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
 When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
 A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
 Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock:
 Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
 The spirit of that shock;

And ever, like base cowards who leave their ranks
 In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
 Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
 From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread; for, though the coast seemed near,
 Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink.
 The boats could hold?—not all—and it was clear
 She was about to sink.

"Out with those boats, and let us haste away,"
 Cried one, "ere yet yon sea the bark devours."
 The man thus clamouring was, I scarce need say,
 No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care
 For such loose babblers, and made no reply;
 Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
 Formed us in line—to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought
 By shameful strength unhonoured life to seek;
 Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
 To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go.
 The oars ply back again, and yet again;
 Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
 Still under steadfast men.

What followed why recall? The brave who died,
 Died without flinching in the bloody surf.
 They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
 As others under turf.

F. H. DOYLE.

30. LOCK THE DOOR, LARISTON.

"Lock the door, Lariston, lion of Liddesdale;
 Lock the door, Lariston, Lowther comes on;
 The Amstrongs are flying,
 The widows are crying,
 The Castletown's burning, and Oliver's gone!

"Lock the door, Lariston, — high on the weather-gleam
 See how the Saxon plumes bob on the sky —
 Yeoman and carbineer,
 Billman and halberdier,
 Fierce is the foray, and far is the cry!

"Bewcastle brandishes high his broad scimitar;
 Ridley is riding his fleet-footed gray;
 Hidley and Howard there,
 Wandale and Windermere;
 Lock the door, Lariston, hold them at bay.

"Why dost thou smile, noble Elliot of Lariston?
 Why does the joy-candle gleam in thine eye?
 Thou bold Border ranger,
 Beware of thy danger;
 Thy foes are relentless, determined, and nigh."

Jack Elliot raised up his steel bonnet and lookit,
 His hand grasped the sword with a nervous embrace:
 "Ah, welcome, brave foemen,
 On earth there are no men
 More gallant to meet in the foray or chase!

"Little know you of the hearts I have hidden here;
 Little know you of our moss-troopers' might —
 Linhope and Sornie true,
 Sundhope and Milburn too,
 Gentle in manners, but lions in fight!

"I have Mangerton, Ogilvie, Raeburn, and Netherbie,
 Old Sim of Whitram, and all his array;
 Come all Northumberland,
 Teesdale and Cumberland,
 Here at the Breaken tower end shall the fray!"

Scowled the broad sun o'er the links of green Liddesdal
 Red as the beacon-light tipped he the wold;
 Many a bold martial eye
 Mirrored that morning sky,
 Never more oped on his orbit of gold.

Shrill was the bugle's note, dreadful the warriors' shout
 Lances and halberds in splinters were borne;

Helmet and hauberk then
 Braved the claymore in vain,
 Buckler and armlet in shivers were shorn.

See how they wane — the proud files of the Windermere
 Howard! ah, woe to thy hopes of the day!

Hear the wide welkin rend,
 While the Scots' shouts ascend —
 "Elliot of Lariston, Elliot for aye!"

J. Hogg.

31. THE REQUITAL.

Loud roared the tempest,
 Fast fell the sleet;
 A little Child Angel
 Passed down the street,
 With trailing pinions,
 And weary feet.

The moon was hidden;
 No stars were bright;
 So she could not shelter
 In Heaven that night:
 For the Angels' ladders
 Are rays of light.

She beat her wings
 At each window pane,
 And pleaded for shelter,
 But all in vain: —
 "Listen," they said,
 "To the pelting rain!"

She sobbed, as the laughter
 And mirth grew higher,
 "Give me rest and shelter

Beside your fire,
 And I will give you
 Your heart's desire."

The dreamer sat watching
 His embers gleam,
 While his heart was floating
 Down hope's bright stream;
 So he wove her wailing
 Into his dream.

The worker toiled on,
 For his time was brief;
 The mourner was nursing
 Her own pale grief:
 They heard not the promise
 That brought relief.

But fiercer the tempest
 Rose than before,
 When the Angel paused
 At a humble door,
 And asked for shelter
 And help once more.

A weary woman,
 Pale, worn, and thin,
 With the brand upon her
 Of want and sin,
 Heard the Child Angel
 And took her in.

Took her in gently,
 And did her best
 To dry her pinions;
 And made her rest
 With tender pity
 Upon her breast.

When the eastern morning
 Grew bright and red,
 Up the first sunbeam
 The Angel fled;
 Having kissed the woman
 And left her — dead.

A. A. PROCTER.

32. ROBIN ADAIR.

Welcome on shore again,
 Robin Adair!
 Welcome once more again,
 Robin Adair!
 I feel thy trembling hand,
 Tears in thy eyelids stand,
 To greet thy native land,
 Robin Adair!

Long I ne'er saw thee, love,
 Robin Adair!
 Still I prayed, for thee, love,
 Robin Adair!
 When thou wert far at sea,
 Many made love to me,
 But still I thought on thee,
 Robin Adair!

Come to my heart again,
 Robin Adair!
 Never to part again,
 Robin Adair!
 And if thou still art true,
 I will be constant too,
 And will wed none but you,
 Robin Adair!

33 THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him!

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him —
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun,
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
 From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
 We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone —
 But we left him alone with his glory.

WOLFE.

34. THE INCHCAPE ROCK.

No stir in the air, no stir in the sea,
 The ship was still as she could be,
 Her sails from heaven received no motion,
 Her keel was steady in the ocean.

Without either sign or sound of their shock
 The waves flow'd over the Inchcape Rock;
 So little they rose, so little they fell,
 They did not move the Inchcape Bell.

The Abbot of Aberbrothock
 Had placed that bell on the Inchcape Rock;
 On a buoy in the storm it floated and swung,
 And over the waves its warning rung.

When the Rock was hid by the surge's swell,
 The mariners heard the warning bell;
 And then they knew the perilous Rock,
 And blest the Abbot of Aberbrothock.

The sun in heaven was shining gay,
 All things were joyful on that day;
 The sea-birds scream'd as they wheel'd round,
 And there was joyance in their sound.

The buoy of the Inchcape Bell was seen
 A darker speck on the ocean green;
 Sir Ralph the Rover walk'd his deck,
 And he fixed his eye on the darker speck.

He felt the cheering power of spring,
 It made him whistle, it made him sing;
 His heart was mirthful to excess,
 But the Rover's mirth was wickedness.

His eye was on the Inchcape float;
 Quoth he, "My men, put out the boat,
 And row me to the Inchcape Rock;
 And I'll plague the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

The boat is lower'd, the boatmen row,
 And to the Inchcape Rock they go;
 Sir Ralph bent over from the boat,
 And he cut the bell from the Inchcape float.

Down sunk the bell with a gurgling sound,
 The bubbles rose and burst around;
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "The next who comes to the Rock
 Won't bless the Abbot of Aberbrothock."

Sir Ralph the Rover sail'd away,
 He scour'd the seas for many a day;
 And now grown rich with plunder'd store,
 He steers his course for Scotland's shore.

So thick a haze o'erspreads the sky,
 They cannot see the sun on high,
 The wind hath blown a gale all day,
 At evening it hath died away.

On the deck the Rover takes his stand,
 So dark it is they see no land.
 Quoth Sir Ralph, "It will be lighter soon
 For there is the dawn of the rising moon."

"Canst hear," said one, "the breakers roar?
 For methinks we should be near the shore."
 "Now, where we are I cannot tell,
 But I wish I could hear the Inchcape Bell."

They hear no sound, the swell is strong;
 Though the wind hath fallen, they drift along,
 Till the vessel strikes with a shivering shock, —
 "O Christ! it is the Inchcape Rock!"

Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair;
 He curst himself in his despair;
 The waves rush in on every side,
 The ship is sinking beneath the tide.

But even in his dying fear,
 One dreadful sound could the Rover hear,
 A sound as if with the Inchcape Bell
 The devil below was ringing his knell.

SOUTHEY.

35. LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A chieftain, to the Highlands bound,
 Cries, "Boatman, do not tarry!
 And I'll give thee a silver pound,
 To row us o'er the ferry."

"Now, who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
 This dark and stormy water?"
 "Oh! I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
 And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men,
 Three days we've fled together;
 For should he find us in the glen,
 My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
 Should they our steps discover,
 Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
 When they have slain her lover?"

Outspoke the hardy Highland wight:

“I’ll go, my chief — I’m ready:

It is not for your silver bright,

But for your winsome lady:

And, by my word! the bonny bird

In danger shall not tarry;

So, though the waves are raging white,

I’ll row you o’er the ferry.”

By this the storm grew loud apace;

The water-wraith was shrieking;

And in the scowl of heaven each face

Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind,

And as the night grew drearer,

Adown the glen rode armed men;

Their trampling sounded nearer.

“Oh! haste thee, haste!” the lady cries,

“Though tempests round us gather;

I’ll meet the raging of the skies,

But not an angry father.”

The boat has left a stormy land,

A stormy sea before her, —

When, oh! too strong for human hand,

The tempest gathered o’er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar

Of waters fast prevailing:

Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore:

His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade

His child he did discover:

One lovely hand she stretched for aid,

And one was round her lover.

"Come back! come back!" he cried in grief,
 "Across this stormy water;
 And I'll forgive your Highland chief;
 My daughter! — O my daughter!"

'Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore,
 Return or aid preventing:
 The waters wild went o'er his child,
 And he was left lamenting.

CAMPBELL.

36. AFTER AN OLD LEGEND.

The monk was praying in his cell,
 With bowed head praying sore;
 He had been praying on his knees
 For two long hours and more.

When, in the midst, and suddenly
 His eyes they opened wide;
 And on the ground, behold, he saw
 A man's feet him beside!

And almost to the feet came down
 A garment wove throughout;
 It was not like any he had seen
 In the countries round about.

His eyes he lifted tremblingly
 Until a hand they spied;
 A cut from a chisel there they saw,
 And another scar beside.

Then up they leaped the face to find;
 His heart gave one wild bound —
 One, and stood still with the awful joy —
 He had the Master found!

On his sad ear fell the convent bell:
 'Twas the hour the poor did wait;
 It was his to dole the daily bread
 That day at the convent gate.

A passion of love within him rose,
 And with duty wrestled strong;
 But the bell kept calling all the time
 With iron merciless tongue.

He gazed like a dog in the Master's eyes —
 He sprang to his feet in strength:
 "If I find him not when I come back,
 I shall find him the more at length!"

He chid his heart and he fed the poor,
 All at the convent gate;
 Then wearily, oh wearily!
 Went back to be desolate.

His hand on the latch, his head bent low,
 He stood on the door-sill;
 Sad and slow he lifted the latch —
 The Master stood there still!

He said "I have waited because my poor
 Had not to wait for thee;
 But the man who doeth my Father's work
 Is never far from me."

Yet, Lord, — for thou wouldst have us judge,
 And I will humbly dare —
 If the monk had stayed, I do not think
 Thou wouldst have left him there.

I hear from the far-off blessed time
 A sweet defending phrase:
 "For the poor always ye have with you,
 But me ye have not always."

G. MACDONALD.

37. TO BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
 Why do ye fall so fast?
 Your date is not so past,
 But you may stay yet here awhile
 To blush and gently smile,
 And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
 An hour or half's delight,
 And so to bid good-night?
 'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
 Merely to show your worth,
 And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
 May read how soon things have
 Their end, though ne'er so brave:
 And after they have shown their pride
 Like you, awhile, they glide
 Into the grave.

R. HERRICK.

38. ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

Rome, Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!
 On thy seven hills of yore
 Thou sat'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
 Purpling the street;
 Leaders and sceptred men
 Bowed at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
 As gods were seen —
 Rome, Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow
 Never shall rise:
 What hast thou left thee now? —
 Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
 Gloriously bright!
 Veiling thy wastes afar
 With coloured light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
 Rome, for thy dower,
 Flushing tall cypress-bough,
 Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,
 Lovely to hear;
 While night, o'er tomb and shrine,
 Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
 By starlight sung,
 Sweeps through the arches dim,
 Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell
 On thy soft air
 Lingers, and loves to dwell
 With summer there.

Thou hast the south's rich gift
 Of sudden song,
 A charmed fountain, swift,
 Joyous, and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
 With queenly tread;
 Thou hast proud fanes above
 Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
 A mournful mien; —
 Rome, Rome! thou art no more
 As thou hast been!

MRS. HEMANS.

39. TWENTY YEARS HENCE.

Twenty years hence my eyes may grow
 If not quite dim, yet rather so;
 Yet yours from others they shall know
 Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence, though it may hap
 That I be called to take a nap
 In a cool cell where thunder-clap
 Is never heard,

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass
 A not too sadly sighed 'Alas!'
 And I shall catch, ere you can pass,
 That wingéd word.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

40. THE SANDS OF DEE.

"Oh, Mary, go and call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 And call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee;"
 The western wind was wild and dank wi' foam,
 And all alone went she.

The creeping tide came up along the sand,
 And o'er and o'er the sand,
 And round and round the sand,
 As far as eye could see;
 The blinding mist came down and hid the land —
 And never home came she.

"Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair —
 A tress o' golden hair,
 O' drowned maiden's hair,
 Above the nets at sea?
 Was never salmon yet that shone so fair,
 Among the stakes on Dee."

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel, crawling foam,
 The cruel, hungry foam,
 To her grave beside the sea:
 But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home,
 Across the sands o' Dee.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

41. ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold: —
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the Presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" — The Vision rais'd its head,
 And with a look made all of sweet accord,
 Answer'd, "the names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the Angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The Angel wrote and vanish'd. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And show'd the names whom love of God had bless'd,
 And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

42. BEFORE SEDAN.

Here in this leafy place.
 Quiet he lies,
 Cold, with his sightless face
 Turned to the skies;
 'Tis but another dead;
 All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence, —
 Kings must have slaves;
 Kings rise to eminence
 Over men's graves:
 So this man's eye is dim; —
 Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched,
 There, at his side?
 Paper his hand had clutched
 Tight ere he died; —
 Message or wish, may be; —
 Smooth the folds out and see.

Hardly the worst of us
 Here could have smiled! —
 Only the tremulous
 Words of a child; —
 Prattle, that has for stops
 Just a few ruddy drops.

Look, she is sad to miss,
 Morning and night,
 His — her dead father's — kiss:
 Tries to be bright,
 Good to mamma, and sweet,
 That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
 Slumbered the pain!
 Ah, if the hearts that bled
 Slept with the slain!
 If the grief died; but no; —
 Death will not have it so.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

43. GINEVRA.

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
 To MODENA, where still religiously
 Among her ancient trophies is preserved
 BOLOGNA's bucket (in its chain it hangs
 Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine)
 Stop at a Palace near the Reggio-gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the ORSINI.
 Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain thee; thro' their arched walks,
 Dim at noon-day, discovering many a glimpse
 Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
 And lovers, such as in heroic song,
 Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
 That in the spring-time, as alone they sate,
 Venturing together on a tale of love,
 Read only part that day. — A summer-sun
 Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,

Enter the house — prythee, forget it not —
And look awhile upon a picture there.

'Tis of a Lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by ZAMPIERI — but by whom I care not.
He who observes it — ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware!' her vest of gold
Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart —
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken-chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by ANTONY of Trent
With scripture-stories from the Life of Christ;
A chest that came from VENICE, and had held
The ducal robes of some old Ancestor.
That by the way — it may be true or false —
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,

Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal-dress,
 She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
 Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
 But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
 Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
 The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
 And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
 Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
 When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
 Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
 "Tis but to make a trial of our love!"
 And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
 And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
 'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
 Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
 Her ivory tooth imprinted on his finger.
 But now, alas! she was not to be found;
 Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
 But that she was not! Weary of his life,
 Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
 Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
 Orsini lived; and long might'st thou have seen
 An old man wandering as in quest of something, —
 Something he could not find, he knew not what.
 When he was gone, the house remained awhile
 Silent and tenantless — then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past and all forgot,
 When on an idle day, a day of search
 'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
 That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
 By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
 "Why not remove it from its lurking-place?"
 'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
 It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
 With here and there a pearl, an emerald stone,

A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
 All else had perished — save a nuptial ring,
 And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
 Engraven with a name, the name of both,
 "Ginevra." There then had she found a grave!
 Within that chest had she concealed herself,
 Fluttering with joy, the happiest of the happy;
 When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
 Fastened her down for ever!

ROGERS.

44. GOOD NIGHT.

Good night. Too late to take a kiss of thine.

I kissed thee ere thy tired eyes closed in rest:
 Methinks thy brow hath something too divine
 For kisses now. So be it; it is best.

Good night. Soft folds are wrapped about thee well:

Careless, my arms may lose thee from their hold.
 What though the hours be dark, and night-winds swell,
 Thy sleep is sound; thou wilt not feel the cold.

Good night. O little one, in dreams locked fast!

Say, wilt thou miss me where I lie apart?
 Our hands will not be joined, as in time past,
 Nor thy small head close pillowed on my heart.

Another Eye than mine shall watch thy waking;

A fonder kiss shall thrill thee with the light.
 Only, in that sweet morning's sudden breaking,
 Keep one for me, one child-kiss! So, good night.

47. TWO SONS.

I.

I have two sons, Wife —
 Two, and yet the same;
 One his wild way runs, Wife,
 Bringing us to shame.

The one is bearded, sunburnt, grim, and fights across the sea,
 The other is a little son who sits upon your knee.

II.

One is fierce and cold, Wife,
 As the wayward Deep;
 Him no arms could hold, Wife,
 Him no breast could keep.

He has tried our hearts for many a year, not broken them, for he
 Is still the sinless little one that sits upon your knee.

III.

One may fall in fight, Wife —
 Is he not our son?
 Pray with all your might, Wife,
 For the wayward one;

Pray for the dark, rough soldier, who fights across the sea,
 Because you love the little son who smiles upon your knee.

IV.

One across the foam, Wife,
 As I speak may fall;
 But this one at home, Wife,
 Cannot die at all.

They both are only one; and how thankful should we be,
 We cannot lose the darling Son who sits upon your knee!

R. BUCHANAN.

46. THE FEAR OF DEATH.

Last night I woke and found between us drawn, --
 Between us, where no mortal fear may creep, --
 The vision of Death dividing us in sleep;
 And suddenly I thought, Ere light shall dawn
 Some day, — the substance, not the shadow, of Death
 Shall cleave us like a sword. The vision passed,
 But all its new-born horror held me fast.

And till day broke I listened for your breath.
 Some day to wake, and find that coloured skies,
 And pipings in the woods, and petals wet,
 Are things for aching memory to forget;
 And that your living hands and mouth and eyes
 Are part of all the world's old histories! —
 Dear God! a little longer; ah not yet!

E. W. GOSSE.

47. THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat went to sea
 In a beautiful pea-green boat,
 They took some honey and plenty of money,
 Wrapped up in a five pound note.
 The Owl looked up to the stars above,
 And sang to a small guitar,
 "O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love,
 What a beautiful Pussy you are,
 You are,
 You are!
 What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl,
 How charmingly sweet you sing!
 Oh! let us be married! too long we have tarried:
 But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day,
 To the land where the bong-tree grows,
 And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood,
 With a ring at the end of his nose,
 His nose,
 His nose,
 With a ring at the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
 Your ring?" Said the Piggy, "I will."
 So they took it away, and were married next day
 By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
 They dinèd on mince, and slices of quince
 Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
 And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
 They danced by the light of the moon,
 The moon,
 The moon,
 They danced by the light of the moon.

E. LEAR.

48. A BRIDAL RACE.

Sir Hubert mounted his little brown barb,
 Her jennette of Spain his bride;
 "My winsome Isabelle, my wife,"
 Quoth he, "let's a wager ride!"

Quoth he "Sweet wife, let us ride a race,
 And this shall be the play,
 Whoever wins first to yon haw-tree,
 Shall do even as they may.

"And whether we live in the country,
 Or in town as I would still,
 Whoever wins first to yon haw-tree,
 Shall have it as they will."

"Done!" said she with a light high laugh,
 I'm pleased with such as this;
 Let us sign the 'pact!' She leant across,
 As if she meant to kiss.

He thought to catch her limber waist,
 And really a kiss repay,
 But she gave her jennette the rein at once;
 She was off, she was away.

The little brown barb he shied aside,
 On galloped she merrilie,
 The race was short and she was the first,
 First by the red haw-tree.

"Now fie upon you, winsome wife!"
 Cried he, "you ride unfair,
 For with that feint, that start too soon,
 You took me unaware."

"What's fair", quoth she with her light high laugh,
 "I do not care three straws!
 Oh, I shall rule, yes, I shall rule,
 But you, love, shall make the laws!"

W. BELL SCOTT.

49. LETTY'S GLOBE.

When Letty had scarce pass'd her third glad year,
 And her young artless words began to flow,
 One day we gave the child a colour'd sphere
 Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know,
 By tint and outline, all its sea and land.
 She patted all the world; old empires peep'd
 Between her baby fingers; her soft hand
 Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leap'd

And laugh'd and prattled in her world-wide bliss;
 And when we turned her sweet unlearned eye
 On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry,
 "Oh! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there!"
 And, while she hid all England with a kiss,
 Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

CH. TENNYSON TURNER.

50. THE PRODIGAL.

The scath of sin is on my brow like lead.
 The draff of swine is in my lips for bread.
 Father, I know thy glory is not dead.
 I will arise.

The servants in thy house are clothed and fed
 Full and to spare. I perish here for bread.
 My sin hath clothed thy presence with such dread,
 I may not rise.

Mine, mine the guilt, all trespass deep and red:
 Thine, thine the mercy on this fallen head.
 Naked I come, yet thou shalt give me bread.
 I will arise.

JOHN LEICESTER WARREN.

51. REQUIESCAT.

Tread lightly, she is near
 Under the snow,
 Speak gently, she can hear
 The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair
 Tarnished with rust,
 She that was young and fair
 Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,
 She hardly knew
 She was a woman, so
 Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone
 Lie on her breast
 I vex my heart alone,
 She is at rest.

Peace, Peace, she cannot hear
 Lyre or sonnet,
 All my life's buried here,
 Heap earth upon it.

OSCAR WILDE.

52. NIGHT AND SLEEP.

How strange at night to wake
 And watch, while others sleep,
 Till sight and hearing ache
 For objects that may keep
 The awful inner sense
 Unroused, lest it should mark
 The life that haunts the emptiness
 And horror of the dark!

How strange at night the bay
 Of dogs, how wild the note
 Of cocks that scream for day,
 In homesteads far remote;
 How strange and wild to hear
 The old and crumbling tower,
 Amid the darkness, suddenly
 Take tongue and speak the hour!

Albeit the love-sick brain
 Affects the dreary moon,
 Ill things alone refrain
 From life's nocturnal swoon:
 Men melancholy mad,
 Beasts ravenous and sly,
 The robber, and the murderer,
 Remorse, with lidless eye.

The nightingale is gay,
 For she can vanquish night;
 Dreaming, she sings of day
 Notes that make darkness bright;
 But when the reflux gloom
 Saddens the gaps of song,
 Men charge on her the dolefulness,
 And call her crazed with wrong.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

53. THE YEAR.

The crocus, while the days are dark,
 Unfolds its saffron sheen;
 At April's touch, the crudest bark
 Discovers gems of green.

Then sleep the seasons, full of might;
 While slowly swells the pod
 And rounds the peach, and in the night
 The mushroom bursts the sod.

The Winter falls; the frozen rut
 Is bound with silver bars;
 The snow-drift heaps against the hut,
 And night is pierc'd with stars.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

55. THE CRADLE.

How steadfastly she'd worked at it!
 How lovingly had drest
 With all her would-be mother's wit
 That little rosy nest!

How lovingly she'd hung on it! —
 It sometimes seemed, she said,
 There lay beneath it's coverlet
 A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,
 Ere bleak December fled;
 That rosy nest he never prest . . .
 Her coffin was his bed.

AUSTIN DOBSON.

55. THE YARN OF THE NANCY BELL.

'Twas on the shores that round our coast
 From Deal to Ramsgate span,
 That I found alone on a piece of stone
 An elderly naval man.

His hair was weedy, his beard was long,
 And weedy and long was he,
 And I heard this wight on the shore recite,
 In a singular minor key:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

And he shook his fists and he tore his hair,
 Till I really felt afraid,
 For I couldn't help thinking the man had been drinking,
 And so I simply said:

"Oh, elderly man, it's little I know
 Of the duties of men of the sea,
 And I'll eat my hand if I understand
 However you can be

"At once a cook, and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig."

Then he gave a hitch to his trousers, which
 Is a trick all seamen larn,
 And having got rid of a thumping quid,
 He spun this painful yarn:

"'Twas in the good ship *Nancy Bell*
 That we sailed to the Indian Sea,
 And there on a reef we come to grief,
 Which has often occurred to me.

"And pretty nigh all the crew was drowned
 (There was seventy-seven o' soul),
 And only ten of the *Nancy's* men
 Said 'Here!' to the muster-roll.

"There was me and the cook and the captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And the bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig.

"For a month we'd neither wittles nor drink,
 Till a-hungry we did feel,
 So we drawed a lot, and, accordin' shot,
 The captain for our meal.

"The next lot fell to the *Nancy's* mate,
 And a delicate dish he made;
 Then our appetite with the midshipmite
 We seven survivors stayed.

"And then we murdered the bo'sun tight,
 And he much resembled pig;
 Then we wittled free, did the cook and me,
 On the crew of the captain's gig.

"Then only the cook and me was left,
 And the delicate question, 'Which
 Of us two goes to the kettle?' arose,
 And we argued it out as sich.

"For I loved that cook as a brother, I did,
 And the cook he worshipped me;
 But we'd both be blowed if we'd either be stowed
 In the other chap's hold, you see.

" 'I'll be eat if you dines off me,' says Tom;
 'Yes, that,' says I, 'you'll be, —
 'I'm boiled if I die, my friend,' quoth I;
 And 'Exactly so,' quoth he.

"Says he, 'Dear James, to murder me
 Were a foolish thing to do,
 For don't you see that you can't cook *me*,
 While I can — and will — cook *you*!"

"So he boils the water, and takes the salt
 And the pepper in portions true
 (Which he never forgot), and some chopped shalot,
 And some sage and parsley too.

" 'Come here,' says he, with a proper pride,
 Which his smiling features tell,
 'Twill soothing be if I let you see
 How extremely nice you'll smell.'

"And he stirred it round and round and round,
 And he sniffed at the foaming froth;
 When I ups with his heels, and smothers his squeals
 In the scum of the boiling broth.

"And I eat that cook in a week or less,
 And as I eating be
 The last of his chops, why, I almost drops,
 For a wessel in sight I see!

"And I never larf, and I never smile,
 And I never lark nor play,
 But sit and croak, and a single joke
 I have — which is to say:

"Oh, I am a cook and a captain bold,
 And the mate of the *Nancy* brig,
 And a bo'sun tight, and a midshipmite,
 And the crew of the captain's gig!"

W. S. GILBERT.

56 HOME, SWEET HOME.

'Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
 That seek through the world, is not met with elsewhere.
 Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home.

An exile from home, pleasures dazzle in vain:
 Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again;
 The birds singing gaily that come at my call,
 Give me them with that peace of mind dearer than all.
 Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
 There's no place like home.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

57. THE CHILD MUSICIAN.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
 He had played for her ladyship's whim,
 Till the poor little head was heavy,
 And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
 And the large eyes strange and bright,
 And they said — too late — "He is weary!
 He shall rest for, at least, To-night".

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
 As they watched in the silent room,
 With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
 A something snapped in the gloom.

'Twas a string of his violoncello,
 And they heard him stir in his bed: —
 "Make room for a tired little fellow,
 Kind God!" — was the last that he said.

HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON.

58. DON JOSE'S MULE, JACINTHA.

my days, now long gone by, no Don in Cadiz city
 sed a mule like Don José's, so useful or so pretty.
 dren, listen to my tale, and give a tear of pity
 To Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Don José had lived gaily, and then his servants all,
 the head-cook in the kitchen to Jacintha in her stall,
 ery dainty fattened — but oh! there came a fall
 To Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Once Don José's purse was well filled, but his hand was ever ready
To his brothers and his nephews, who were spendthrifts and
unsteady —

"O my master, unwise givers sure at last themselves grow needy!"
Thought Don José's mule, Jacintha.

True enough, there came a morning when the Alcayde's men
were laying
Hands on all Don José's chattels, for there seemed no way of
paying
Otherwise his debts and bond-writs; then, oh, sorrowful the
braying

Of Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Poor Don José's house was ransacked of its treasures old and new,
Pictures, gems, and suits of armour, gold and relics from Peru:
Nothing spared they, even taking all the trappings red and blue
Of Don José's mule, Jacintha.

But Don José was hidalgo of the true Quixotic spirit —
If misfortune were upon him, far too proud was he to fear it;
And quite worthy such a master, for the same heroic merit,
Was Don José's mule, Jacintha.

With a stately contemplation glanced Don José on his villa —
Glanced on every grove of myrtle and on every marble pillar;
Thought of sunny olive vineyard and of luscious, well-filled
cellar —

Then of his mule, Jacintha.

Said Don José, "Not for fountains, nor for halls of gilded stone
Was man's soul made, nor for riches, nor for meat and drink
alone,
But for grateful, true affection — and no other man shall own
Don José's mule, Jacintha."

He continued contemplating, meantime smiling somewhat sadly —
"Ah! 'tis well my servants left me — scanty fare would suit
them badly;

But there's one who bore me up-hill, and will bear me down
as gladly —

'Tis Don José's mule, Jacintha.

"She can do without her trappings; she'll not rage because her
ration

Comes at every meal-time shorter than her humblest expectation;
Scorn she'll never dream of showing at my ruined situation —

Will Don José's mule, Jacintha.

"She'll not tell me I was foolish — she'll not preach her own
advice;

She'll not constantly upbraid me in a half-condoling voice;

But she'll serve me when I need her — and no gold shall be
the price

Of Don José's mule, Jacintha."

Then Don José mounted gaily, though his secret heart was
swelling,

And the two together travelled to a humble little dwelling:

Said the Don, "For consolation, give me that which has no telling,
Like Don José's mule, Jacintha's!"

Night and morning came Don José to Jacintha's modest stable,
And his thin white hands would groom her with the skill that
they were able,

And the largest share of salad, from her master's scanty table,
Had Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Every day he took an airing, and no king could sit more stately:
Then Jacintha's ears pricked proudly, and she moved her legs
sedately;

Oh, never fallen greatness was upheld by mule so greatly
As Don José by Jacintha.

Neither trotting, neither ambling, was her sober, saddened pace,
But a kind of martial marching, full of dignity and grace;

Every cavalcade and palfrey, every chariot gay gave place
To Don José's mule, Jacintha.

When Don José empty-handed came unto the stable door
 Far too proud for disappointment, or to show a wish for
 Gaily to her empty hay-rack, as if she'd ample store,
 Went Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Very solemn grew Jacintha, suiting thus her master's m
 Very bare-ribbed grew Jacintha, but her head was never l
 "We'll die like true Castilians," was the maxim staun
 proud

 Of Don José's mule, Jacintha.

True enough, there broke a morning when the thin han
 no more,
 With its scanty bunch of parsley, to Jacintha's stable do
 Then as one who lies down gladly when a hard day's work
 Lay Don José's mule, Jacintha.

Softly then, the snow-flakes hurried from the passing
 clouds,
 And the master and the servant wrapped in white, un
 shrouds,
 Till the spring-time brought the wild flowers, and they
 in coloured crowds,
 O'er Don José and Jacintha.

M. BETHAM-EDWA

59. CLEAR AND COOL.

Clear and cool, clear and cool,
 By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool;
 Cool and clear, cool and clear,
 By shining shingle, and foaming weir;
 Under the crag where the ousel sings,
 And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
 Undeified, for the undeified,
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
 By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
 Foul and dank, foul and dank,
 By wharf and sewer and slimy bank,
 Darker and darker the further I go,
 Baser and baser the richer I grow;
 Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
 Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
 The flood-gates are open, away to the sea;
 Free and strong, free and strong,
 Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
 To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
 And the taintless tide that awaits me afar;
 As I lose myself in the infinite main,
 Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.

Undefiled, for the undefiled;
 Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

CHAS. KINGSLEY.

60. LONDON RIVER.

All day long in the scorching weather,
 All day long in the winter's gloom,
 Brother and sister stand together,
 She with her flowers, and he with his broom.

And the folks go on over London river,
 Poor and wealthy, busy and wise:
 Will nobody see those white lips quiver?
 Will nobody stop for those pleading eyes?

The old bridge echoes the ceaseless thunder
Of crowds that gather and stream along,
And the stranger child shrinks back in wonder:
She cannot sing in that hurrying throng.

She thinks of her home across the ocean
With its deep blue sky and its vineyards green;
But who will heed, in that wild commotion,
The pitiful sound of her tambourine?

Flow — flow — O London river!
Carry thy ships from the mighty town:
Tears and smiles in thy heart for ever —
Tears and smiles as thou hurriest down.
F. E. WEATHERLY.

ENGLISH POETRY.

GERNUTUS THE JEW OF VENICE.

THE FIRST PART.

Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus a Jew, who lending
chant a hundred Crownes, would have a pound of his *Flesh*,
could not pay him at the day appoynted.

In Venice towne not long agoe
A cruel Jew did dwell,
Which lived all on usurie,
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,
Which never thought to die,
Nor ever yet did any good
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,
That liveth many a day,
Yet never once doth any good,
Until men will him slay.

So fares it with the usurer,
He cannot sleep in rest,
For feare the thiefe will him pursue
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,
How to deceive the poore;
His mouth is almost ful of mucke,
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,
 For every weeke a penny,
 Yet bring a pledge that is double worth,
 If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day,
 Or else you loose it all:
 This was the living of the wife,
 Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time
 A marchant of great fame,
 Which being distressed in his need,
 Unto Gernutus came:

Desiring him to stand his friend
 For twelve month and a day;
 To lend to him an hundred crownes;
 And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,
 And pledges he should have:
 "No" (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes),
 "Sir, aske what you will have.

"No penny for the loane of it
 For one year you shall pay;
 You may doe me as good a turne,
 Before my dying day.

"But we will have a merry jeast,
 For to be talked long:
 You shall make me a bond," quoth he,
 "That shall be large and strong:

"And this shall be the forfeiture,
 Of your owne fleshe a pound:
 If you agree, make you the bond,
 And here is a hundred crownes."

"With right good will!" the marchant says
 And so the bond was made.
 When twelve month and a day drew on,
 That backe it should be payd,

The marchants ships were all at sea,
 And money came not in;
 Which way to take, or what to doe
 To thinke he doth begin.

And to Gernutus strait he comes,
 With cap and bended knee;
 And sayde to him, "Of curtesie,
 I pray you beare with mee.

"My day is come, and I have not
 The money for to pay:
 And little good the forfeiture
 Will doe you, I dare say."

"With all my heart," Gernutus sayd,
 "Commaund it to your minde:
 In thinges of bigger waight then this
 You shall me ready finde."

He goes his way; the day once past,
 Gernutus doth not slacke
 To get a sergiant presently,
 And clapt him on the backe:

And layd him into prison strong,
 And sued his bond withall;
 And when the judgement day was come,
 For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast,
 With many a weeping eye,
 For other means they could not find,
 But he that day must dye.

THE SECOND PART.

„Of the Jews crueltie: setting forth the mercifulnesse of the Judge
towards the Marchant.”

Some offered for his hundred crownes
Five hundred for to pay;
And some a thousand, two or three,
Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crownes
They offered him to save:
Gernutus sayd, “I will no gold,
My forfeite I will have.

“A pound of fleshe is my demand,
And that shall be my hire.”
Then sayd the judge, “Yet, good my friend,
Let me of you desire,

“To take the flesh from such a place,
As yet you let him live:
Do so, and lo! and hundred crownes
To thee here will I give.”

“No, no,” quoth he, “no, judgment here;
For this it shall be tride;
For I will have my pound of fleshe
From under his right side.”

It grieved all the companie
His crueltie to see,
For neither friend nor foe could helpe
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now ready is
With whetted blade in hand,
To spoyle the blood of innocent,
By forfeit of his bond. .

And as he was about to strike
 In him the deadly blow,
 "Stay" (quoth the judge) "thy crueltie;
 I charge thee to do so.

"Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,
 Which is of flesh a pound,
 See that thou shed no drop of blood,
 Nor yet the man confound.

"For if thou doe, like murderer,
 Thou here shalt hanged bee:
 Likewise of flesh see that thou cut
 No more than longes to thee.

"For if thou take either more or lesse,
 To the value of a mite,
 Thou shalt be hanged presently,
 As is both law and right."

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,
 And wotes not what to say;
 Quoth he at last, "Ten thousand crownes
 I will that he shall pay;

"And so I graunt to set him free."
 The judge doth answere make;
 "You shall not have a penny given;
 Your forfeiture now take."

At the last he doth demaund
 But for to have his owne:
 "No," quoth the judge, "doe as you list,
 Thy judgement shall be showne.

"Either take your pound of flesh," quoth he,
 "Or cancell me your bond:"
 "O cruell judge," then quoth the Jew,
 "That doth against me stand!"

And so with griping grieved mind
 He biddeth them farewell:
 Then all the people prays'd the Lord,
 That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,
 For trueth I dare well say,
 That many a wretch as ill as hee
 Doth live now at this day;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle
 Of many a wealthy man,
 And for to trap the innocent
 Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,
 And every Christian too,
 And send to them like sentence eke
 That meaneth so to doe.

WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

(b 1564 — d 1616).

SILVIA.

Who is Silvia? what is she,
 That all our swains commend her?
 Holy, fair, and wise is she;
 The heaven such grace did lend her,
 That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
 For beauty lives with kindness.
 Love doth to her eyes repair,
 To help him of his blindness,
 And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
 That Silvia is excelling;
 She excels each mortal thing
 Upon the dull earth dwelling:
 To her let us garlands bring.

THE LARK.

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
 And Phœbus 'gins arise,
 His steeds to water at those springs
 On chaliced flowers that lies;
 And winking Mary-buds begin
 To ope their golden eyes:
 With everything that pretty is,
 My lady sweet, arise:
 Arise, arise.

MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so unkind
 As man's ingratitude;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

 Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
 Thou dost not bite so nigh
 As benefits forgot:
 Though thou the waters warp,
 Thy sting is not so sharp
 As friend remembered not.

BEAUTY.

Beauty is but a vain and doubtful good,
A shining gloss that fadeth suddenly;
A flower that dies when first it 'gins to bud;
A brittle glass that's broken presently;
A doubtful good, a gloss, a glass, a flower,
Lost, faded, broken, dead within an hour.

And as goods lost are sold or never found,
As faded gloss no rubbing will refresh,
As flowers dead lie wither'd on the ground,
As broken glass no cement can redress,
So beauty, blemish'd once, for ever's lost,
In spite of physic, painting, pain, and cost.

SONNET.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweets thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXXI.

shall live your epitaph to make,
 ou survive when I in earth am rotten;
 t hence your memory death cannot take,
 ough in me each part will be forgotten.
 ' name from hence immortal life shall have,
 gh I, once gone, to all the world must die.
 earth can yield me but a common grave,
 n you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 ' monument shall be my gentle verse,
 sh eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
 tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
 n all the breathers of this world are dead;
 still shall live (such virtue hath my pen,)

re breath most breathes, — even in the mouths of men.

FROM "THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM."

I.

Crabbed age and youth
 Cannot live together;
 Youth is full of pleasance,
 Age is full of care;
 Youth like summer morn,
 Age like winter weather;
 Youth like summer brave,
 Age like winter bare.

Youth is full of sport,
 Age's breath is short,
 Youth is nimble, age is lame;
 Youth is hot and bold,
 Age is weak and cold;
 Youth is wild, and age is tame,
 Age, I do abhor thee,

Youth, I do adore thee;
O, my love, my love is young!
Age, I do defy thee;
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

II.

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,
Beasts did leap, and birds did spring,
Every thing did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry,
Teru, Teru, by and by,
That to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! thought I, thou mourn'st in vain!
None take pity on thy pain;
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee;
King Pandion, he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing.
Even so, poor bird, like thee,
None alive will pity me.
Whilst as fickle fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.

Every one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in misery.
 Words are easy like the wind;
 Faithful friends are hard to find.
 Every man will be thy friend,
 Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
 But if store of crowns be scant,
 No man will supply thy want.
 If that one be prodigal,
 Bountiful they will him call,
 And with such like flattering,
 "*Pity but he were a king.*"
 If he be addict to vice,
 Quickly him they will entice;
 But if fortune once do frown,
 Then farewell his great renown;
 They that fawn'd on him before,
 Use his company no more.
 He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need,
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep.
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe.

MERCY.

he quality of mercy is not strain'd,
 droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
 pon the place beneath; it is twice bless'd;
 blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
 The throned monarch better than his crown;
 His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
 The attribute to awe and majesty,
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
 But mercy is above this scepter'd sway,
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
 It is an attribute to God himself,
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
 When mercy seasons justice.

SLEEP.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
 Are at this hour asleep! — O Sleep! O gentle Sleep
 Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
 That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down,
 And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
 Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody:
 Oh, thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile,
 In loathsome beds; and leav'st the kingly couch
 A watch-case, or a common 'larum-bell?
 Wilt thou, upon the high and giddy mast
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge,
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging them
 With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?

Canst thou, O partial Sleep! give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie down!
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And by opposing end them. — To die, — to sleep, —
 No more; — and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, — 'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, — to sleep, —
 To sleep! perchance to dream? — ay, there's the rub;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause. There's the respect
 That makes calamity of so long life;
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? who would these fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death, —
 The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, — puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

JOHN MILTON.

(*b* 1608 — *d* 1674).

ON HIS BLINDNESS.

When I consider how my light is spent,
 Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest he returning chide;
 "Doth God exact day-labour, light deni'd?"
 I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
 Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: his state
 Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
 Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
 Ev'n them who kept thy truth so pure of old
 When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones

Forget not: in thy book record their groans
 Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
 Slain by the bloody Piemontese that roll'd
 Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
 The vales redoubl'd to the hills, and they
 To Heav'n. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
 O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway
 The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
 A hundredfold, who having learnt thy way,
 Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

· TO CYRIACK SKINNER, UPON HIS BLINDNESS.

Cyriack, this three-years-day, these eyes, though clear
 To outward view of blemish or of spot,
 Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
 Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
 Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year;
 Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
 Against Heav'n's hand or will, nor bate one jot
 Or heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
 Right onward. What supports me, dost thou ask?
 — The conscience, friend, to have lost them overpli'd
 In liberty's defence, my noble task,
 Of which all Europe rings from side to side.
 This thought might lead me through this world's vain mask,
 Content, though blind, had I no better guide.

THE CREATION OF ADAM AND EVE.

(PARADISE LOST, BK VIII.)

Thus spake our sire:
 'For Man to tell how human life began
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse

Induc'd me. As new wak't from soundest sleep
 Soft on the flow'ry herb I found me laid
 In balmy sweat, which with his beams the sun
 Soon dri'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.
 Straight toward heav'n my wondring eyes I turn'd,
 And gaz'd awhile the ample sky; till rais'd
 By quick instinctive motion up I sprung,
 As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
 Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
 Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
 And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
 Creatures that liv'd, and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,
 Birds on the branches warbling; all things smil'd,
 With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.
 Myself I then perus'd, and limb by limb
 Survey'd, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
 With supple joints, as lively vigour led:
 But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
 Knew not; to speak I tri'd, and forthwith spake,
 My tongue obey'd, and readily could name
 Whate'er I saw. "Thou Sun," said I, "fair light,
 And thou enlighten'd Earth, so fresh and gay,
 Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
 And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
 Tell, if ye saw, how came I thus, how here?
 Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
 In goodness and in power pre-eminent;
 Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,
 From whom I have that thus I move and live,
 And feel that I am happier than I know."
 While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whither
 From where I first drew air, and first beheld
 This happy light, when answer none return'd,
 On a green shady bank profuse of flow'rs
 Pensive I sat me down; there gentle sleep
 First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd
 My drowsed sense, untroubl'd, though I thought

I then was passing to my former state
 Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve;
 When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
 Whose inward apparition gently mov'd
 My fancy to believe I yet had being,
 And liv'd. One came, methought, of shape divine,
 And said, "Thy mansion wants thee, Adam, rise,
 First Man, of men innumerable ordain'd
 First father, call'd by thee I come thy guide
 To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepar'd."
 So saying by the hand he took me rais'd,
 And over fields and waters, as in air
 Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
 A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
 A circuit wide, enclos'd, with goodliest trees
 Planted, with walks, and bowers, and what I saw
 Of Earth before scarce pleasant seem'd. Each tree
 Load'n with fairest fruit that hung to the eye
 Tempting, stirr'd in me sudden appetite
 To pluck and eat; whereat I wak'd, and found
 Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
 Had lively shadow'd: here had new begun
 My wandring, had not he who was my guide
 Up hither, from among the trees appear'd,
 Presence divine. Rejoicing, but with awe
 In adoration at his feet I fell
 Submiss: he rear'd me, and "whom thou sought'st I am,"
 Said mildly, "Author of all this thou seest
 Above, or round about thee, or beneath.
 This Paradise I give thee, count it thine
 To till and keep, and of the fruit to eat:
 Of every tree that in the garden grows
 Eat freely with glad heart; fear here no dearth:
 But of the tree, whose operation brings
 Knowledge of good and ill, which I have set
 The pledge of thy obedience and thy faith,
 Amid the garden by the tree of Life,

Remember what I warn thee, shun to taste,
 And shun the bitter consequence: for know,
 The day thou eat'st thereof, my sole command
 Transgrest, inevitably thou shalt die;
 From that day mortal, and this happy state
 Shalt lose, expell'd from hence into a world
 Of woe and sorrow." Sternly he pronounc'd
 The rigid interdiction, which resounds
 Yet dreadful in mine ear, though in my choice
 Not to incur; but soon his clear aspect
 Return'd and gracious purpose thus renew'd.
 "Not only these fair bounds, but all the Earth
 To thee and to thy race I give; as lords
 Possess it, and all things that therein live,
 Or live in sea, or air, beast, fish and fowl.
 In sign whereof each bird and beast behold
 After their kinds; I bring them to receive
 From thee their names, and pay thee fealty
 With low subjection; understand the same
 Of fish within their watry residence,
 Not hither summon'd, since they cannot change
 Their element to draw the thinner air."
 As thus he spake, each bird and beast behold
 Approaching two and two; these cowering low
 With blandishment, each bird stoop'd on his wing.
 I nam'd them, as they pass'd, and understood
 Their nature, with such knowledge God endu'd
 My sudden apprehension; but in these
 I found not what methought I wanted still;
 And to the Heav'nly Vision thus presum'd.
 "O by what name, for thou above all these,
 Above mankind, or aught than mankind higher,
 Surpasest far my naming, how may I
 Adore thee, Author of this universe,
 And all this good to Man? for whose well being
 So amply, and with hands so liberal
 Thou hast provided all things: but with me

I see not who partakes. In solitude
 What happiness? who can enjoy alone?
 Or all enjoying, what contentment find?"
 Thus I presumptuous; and the Vision bright,
 As with a smile more bright'nd, thus repli'd:

"What call'st thou solitude? is not the earth
 With various living creatures, and the air
 Replenisht, and all these at thy command
 To come and play before thee? know'st thou not
 Their language, and their ways? they also know,
 And reason not contemptibly; with these
 Find pastime, and bear rule: thy realm is large."
 So spake the universal Lord, and seem'd
 So ordering; I with leave of speech implor'd,
 And humble deprecation thus repli'd:

"Let not my words offend thee, Heav'nly Power,
 My Maker, be propitious while I speak.
 Hast thou not made me here thy substitute,
 And these inferior far beneath me set?
 Among unequals what society
 Can sort, what harmony, or true delight?
 Which must be mutual, in proportion due
 Giv'n, and receiv'd; but in disparity
 The one intense, the other still remiss,
 Cannot well suit with either, but soon prove
 Tedious alike: of fellowship I speak
 Such as I seek, fit to participate
 All rational delight, wherein the brute
 Cannot be human consort; they rejoice
 Each with their kind, lion with lioness;
 So fitly them in pairs thou hast combin'd;
 Much less can bird with beast, or fish with fowl,
 So well converse, nor with the ox the ape;
 Worse then can Man with beast, and least of all."
 Whereto th' Almighty answer'd, not displeas'd.

"A nice and subtle happiness I see
 Thou to thyself proposest, in the choice

Of thy associates, Adam, and will taste
 No pleasure, though in pleasure, solitary.
 What think'st thou then of me, and this my state?
 Seem I to thee sufficiently possess
 Of happiness, or not? who am alone
 From all eternity, for none I know
 Second to me or like, equal much less.
 How have I then with whom to hold converse
 Save with the creatures which I made, and those
 To me inferior, infinite descents
 Beneath what other creatures are to thee?"

'He ceas'd, I lowly answer'd. "To attain
 The highth and depth of thy eternal ways
 All human thoughts come short, Supreme of things;
 Thou in thyself art perfect, and in thee
 Is no deficiency found; not so is Man,
 But in degree, the cause of his desire
 By conversation with his like, to help
 Or solace his defects. No need that thou
 Shouldst propagate, already infinite;
 And through all numbers absolute, though One;
 But Man by number is to manifest
 His single imperfection, and beget
 Like of his like, his image multipli'd,
 In unity defective; which requires
 Collateral love, and dearest amity.
 Thou in thy secrecy although alone,
 Best with thyself accompanied, seek'st not
 Social communication; yet so pleas'd,
 Canst raise thy creature to what highth thou wilt
 Of union or communion, deifi'd;
 I by conversing cannot these erect
 From prone, nor in their ways complacence find."
 Thus I embolden'd spake, and freedom us'd
 Permissive, and acceptance found, which gain'd
 This answer from the gracious Voice Divine
 "Thus far to try thee, Adam, I was pleas'd,

And find thee knowing not of beasts alone,
 Which thou hast rightly nam'd, but of thyself,
 Expressing well the spirit within thee free,
 My image, not imparted to the brute,
 Whose fellowship therefore unmeet for thee
 Good reason was thou freely shouldst dislike,
 And be so minded still; I, ere thou spak'st,
 Knew it not good for Man to be alone,
 And no such company as then thou saw'st
 Intended thee, for trial only brought,
 To see how thou couldst judge of fit and meet:
 What next I bring shall please thee, be assur'd,
 Thy likeness, thy fit help, thy other self,
 Thy wish exactly to thy heart's desire."

'He ended, or I heard no more; for now
 My earthly by his Heav'nly overpower'd,
 Which it had long stood under, strain'd to the highth
 In that celestial colloquy sublime,
 As with an object that excels the sense,
 Dazzl'd and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
 Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, call'd
 By Nature as in aid, and clos'd mine eyes.
 Mine eyes he clos'd, but op'n left the cell
 Of Fancy my internal sight; by which
 Abstract as in a trance methought I saw,
 Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
 Still glorious before whom awake I stood;
 Who stooping op'nd my left side, and took
 From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
 And life-blood streaming fresh; wide was the wound,
 But suddenly with flesh fill'd up and heal'd:
 The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
 Under his forming hands a creature grew,
 Manlike, but different sex, so lovely fair,
 That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
 Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd
 And in her looks, which from that time infus'd

Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before,
 And into all things from her air inspir'd
 The spirit of love and amorous delight.
 She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
 To find her, or for ever to deplore
 Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
 When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
 With what all Earth or Heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable: on she came,
 Led by her Heav'nly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice; nor uninform'd
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites:
 Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I overjoy'd could not forbear aloud.

"This turn hath made amends; thou hast fulfill'd
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
 Giver of all things fair, but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself,
 Before me; Woman is her name, of Man
 Extracted: for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul."

'She heard me thus, and though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd,
 The more desirable, or to say all,
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that seeing me, she turn'd;
 I follow'd her; she what was honour knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approv'd
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bow'r
 I led her blushing like the morn: all Heav'n,

And happy constellations on that hour
 Shed their selectest influence; the Earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill;
 Joyous the birds; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whisper'd it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid haste the ev'ning star
 On his hill top, to light the bridal lamp.'

JOHN DRYDEN.

(*b* 1631 — *d* 1700).

ALEXANDER'S FEAST; OR THE POWER OF MUSIC.

A SONG IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1697.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son:
 Aloft, in awful state,
 The god-like hero sate
 On his imperial throne:
 His valiant peers were placed around,
 Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound
 So should desert in arms be crowned.
 The lovely Thais by his side
 Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair!
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying finger touched the lyre:
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,

And heavenly joys inspire.
 The song began from Jove,
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 Such is the power of mighty love!
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound;
 A present deity! they shout around:
 A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod,
 And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young.
 The jolly god in triumph comes;
 Sound the trumpets; beat the drums!
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face:
 Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
 Bacchus, ever fair and young,
 Drinking joys did first ordain:
 Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
 Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
 Rich the treasure
 Sweet the pleasure;
 Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain,
 Fought all his battles o'er again;
 And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
 The master saw the madness rise;
 His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
 And, while he heaven and earth defied,
 Changed his hand, and checked his pride.
 He chose a mournful Muse,

Soft pity to infuse:
 He sung Darius, great and good,
 By too severe a fate,
 Fallen from his high estate,
 And weltering in his blood;
 Deserted, at his utmost need,
 By those his former bounty fed;
 On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast look the joyless victor sate;
 Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of fate below;
 And now and then a sigh he stole,
 And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
 That love was in the next degree;
 'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures;
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
 Honour but an empty bubble;
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying:
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh, think it worth enjoying!
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, and sighed again —
 At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
 The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain —
 Break his bands of sleep asunder,
 And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark! hark! the horrid sound

Has raised up his head;

As awaked from the dead,

And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge, revenge! Timotheus cries,

See the Furies arise;

See the snakes that they rear,

How they hiss in their hair,

And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!

Behold a ghastly band,

Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,

And unburied remain

Inglorious on the plain;

Give the vengeance due

To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,

How they point to the Persian abodes,

And glittering temples of their hostile gods!

The princes applaud with a furious joy;

And the King seized a flambeau, with zeal to destroy:

Thais led the way,

To light him to his prey,

And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

Thus, long ago,

Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,

While organs yet were mute,

Timotheus, to his breathing flute

And sounding lyre,

Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,

Inventress of the vocal frame,

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown:
 He raised a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

ALEXANDER POPE.

(b 1688 — d 1744).

ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Happy the man, whose wish and care
 A few paternal acres bound,
 Content to breathe his native air,
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
 Together mixed; sweet recreation,
 And innocence, which most does please
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie.

DR. SWIFT.

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

Parson, these things in thy possessing
 Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
 A Wife that makes conserves; a Steed
 That carries double when there's need:
 October store, and best Virginia,
 Tithe-Pig, and mortuary Guinea:
 Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
 For which thy Patron's weekly thank'd:
 A large Concordance, bound long since:
 Sermons to Charles the First, when Prince;
 A Chronicle of ancient standing;
 A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
 The Polygot — three parts, — my text,
 Howbeit, — likewise — now to my next.
 Lo here the Septuagint, — and Paul,
 To sum the whole, — the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
 Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his wife;
 On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
 And fast on Fridays — if he will;
 Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
 Talk with Church-Wardens about Pews,
 Pray heartily for some new Gift,
 And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S HOUSE AT WOODSTOCK.

See, sir, here's the grand approach;
 This way is for his Grace's coach:
 There lies the bridge, and here's the clock,
 Observe the lion and the cock,
 The spacious court, the colonnade,
 And mark how wide the hall is made!
 The chimneys are so well design'd,
 They never smoke in any wind.
 This gallery's contrived for walking,
 The windows to retire and talk in;
 The council chamber for debate,
 And all the rest are rooms of state.

Thanks, sir, cried I, 'tis very fine,
 But where d'ye sleep, or where d'ye dine?
 I find, by all you have been telling,
 That 'tis a house, but not a dwelling.

FROM "THE RAPE OF THE LOCK."

The board with cups and spoons is crowned,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;
 On shining altars of Japan they raise
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide;
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise,

And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
 Ah, cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late;
 Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case;
 So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew nea
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought,
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
 He watched the ideas rising in her mind.
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired!
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
 T'inclose the lock; now joins it to divide.
 E'en then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed:
 Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain
 (But airy substance soon unites again:)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th'affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

THOMAS GRAY.

(*b* 1716 — *d* 1770).

THE BARD.

A PINDARIC ODE.

[This Ode is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward the first, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death.]

"Ruin seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait;
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 To mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!"
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 "To arms!" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quiv'ring lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er cold Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,

With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 Revere his consort's faith, his father's fame,
 And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
 Above, below, the rose of snow,
 Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
 The bristled boar in infant-gore
 Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 Now, brothers, bending o'er the accursed loom,
 Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
 (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 (The web is wove. The work is done.)
 Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn
 Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn:
 In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
 Visions of glory, spare my aching sight!
 Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
 No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail!

"Girt with many a baron bold
 Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
 And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
 In bearded majesty, appear.
 In the midst a form divine!
 Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
 Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
 What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 What strains of vocal transport round her play,
 Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
 They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.

Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce war, and faithful love,
And truth severe, by fairy fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale grief, and pleasing pain,
With horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me; with joy I see
The diff'rent doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and scept'red care,
To triumph, and to die, are mine."
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

(*b* 1728 — *d* 1774).

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Sweet Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,

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Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
 How often have I paused on every charm,
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
 The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
 For talking age and whispering lovers made!
 How often have I blest the coming day,
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
 And all the village train, from labour free,
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,
 The young contending as the old surveyed:
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
 By holding out, to tire each other down;
 The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
 While secret laughter tittered round the place;
 The bashful virgin's sidelong looks of love,
 The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
 These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
 With sweet succession, taught even toil to please;
 These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed,
 These were thy charms — but all these charms are fled

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
 Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
 Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
 And desolation saddens all thy green:
 One only master grasps the whole domain,
 And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
 No more thy glassy brook reflects the day

But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
 Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
 The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest;
 Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
 And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
 Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
 And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall,
 And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
 Far, far away, thy children leave the land.

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
 There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
 The mingling notes came softened from below;
 The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young;
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
 The playful children just let loose from school;
 The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
 These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
 And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
 But now the sounds of population fail,
 No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
 No busy steps the grass-grown footway tread,
 For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
 All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
 That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
 She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
 To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread
 To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
 To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
 She only left of all the harmless train,
 The sad historian of the pensive plain.

✓ Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled
 And still where many a garden flower grows wild;

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
 The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
 A man he was to all the country dear,
 And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
 Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
 Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place:
 Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
 By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
 Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
 More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
 His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
 The long remembered beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
 The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
 Careless their merits, or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all.
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
 And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
 The reverend champion stood. At his control

Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
 Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
 And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorned the venerable place;
 Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
 And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
 Even children followed with endearing wile,
 And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;
 To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
 But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven,
 As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
 Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
 Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
 Eternal sunshine settles on its head. /

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
 With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
 There; in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
 The village master taught his little school;
 A man severe he was, and stern to view,
 I knew him well, and every truant knew;
 Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
 The day's disasters in his morning face;
 Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
 At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
 Full well the busy whisper circling round,
 Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
 Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
 The love he bore to learning was in fault;
 The village all declared how much he knew;
 'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And even the story ran — that he could gauge;
 In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
 For even though vanquished, he could argue still;
 While words of learned length and thundering sound
 Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
 And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
 That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
 Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.
 Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
 Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
 Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
 Where grey-beard mirth, and smiling toil retired,
 Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
 And news much older than their ale went round.
 Imagination fondly stoops to trace
 The parlour splendours of that festive place;
 The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
 The varnished clock that clicked behind the door;
 The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
 A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day;
 The pictures placed for ornament and use,
 The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
 The hearth, except when winter chilled the day,
 With aspen boughs, and flowers and fennel gay;
 While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
 Ranged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendour! could not all
 Reprieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
 Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
 An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
 Thither no more the peasant shall repair
 To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
 No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,

No more the woodman's ballad shall prevail;
 No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
 Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
 The host himself no longer shall be found
 Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
 Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
 Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

WILLIAM COWPER.

(b 1731 — d 1800).

COWPER'S GRAVE

(BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING).

I.

It is a place where poets crowned may feel the heart's decaying;
 It is a place where happy saints may weep amid their praying;
 Yet let the grief and humbleness as low as silence languish:
 Earth surely now may give her calm to whom she gave her anguish.

II.

O poets, from a maniac's tongue was poured the deathless singing!
 O Christians, at your cross of hope a hopeless hand was clinging!
 O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
 Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye
 were smiling!

III.

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears
 his story,
 How discord on the music fell and darkness on the glory,
 And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering
 lights departed,
 He wore no less a loving face because so brokenhearted

IV.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
 And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration
 Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken
 Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE.

WRITTEN WHEN THE NEWS ARRIVED.

Toll for the brave!
 The brave that are no more!
 All sunk beneath the wave,
 Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
 Whose courage well was tried,
 Had made the vessel heel,
 And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
 And she was overset;
 Down went the Royal George,
 With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave!
 Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
 His last sea-fight is fought;
 His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
 No tempest gave the shock;
 She sprang no fatal leak;
 She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath;
 His fingers held the pen,
 When Kempenfelt went down
 With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
 Once dreaded by our foes!
 And mingle with our cup
 The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet, are sound,
 And she may float again
 Full charged with England's thunder,
 And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
 His victories are o'er;
 And he and his eight hundred
 Shall plough the wave no more.

VERSES

POSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK DURING HIS
 SOLITARY ABODE ON THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

I am monarch of all I survey,
 My right there is none to dispute,
 From the centre all round to the sea,
 I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
 O Solitude! where are the charms
 That sages have seen in thy face?
 Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
 Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach,
 I must finish my journey alone,
 Never hear the sweet music of speech,
 I start at the sound of my own.
 The beasts that roam over the plain,
 My form with indifference see;
 They are so unacquainted with man,
 Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
 Divinely bestowed upon man,
 Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
 How soon would I taste you again!
 My sorrows I then might assuage
 In the ways of religion and truth,
 Might learn from the wisdom of age,
 And be cheered by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
 Resides in that heavenly word!
 More precious than silver and gold,
 Or all that this earth can afford.
 But the sound of the church-going bell
 These valleys and rocks never heard,
 Never sighed at the sound of a knell,
 Or smiled when a sabbath appeared.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
 Convey to this desolate shore
 Some cordial endearing report
 Of a land I shall visit no more.
 My friends, — do they now and then send
 A wish or a thought after me?
 O tell me I yet have a friend,
 Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
 Compared with the speed of its flight,
 The tempest itself lags behind,
 And the swift-winged arrows of light.
 When I think of my own native land,
 In a moment I seem to be there;
 But alas! recollection at hand
 Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
 The beast is laid down in his lair,
 Even here is a season of rest,
 And I to my cabin repair.
 There's mercy in every place,
 And mercy, encouraging thought!
 Gives even affliction a grace,
 And reconciles man to his lot.

ROBERT BURNS.

(b 1759 — d 1795).

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS.

y heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 y heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 hasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 y heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.
 arewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
 he birth-place of valour, the country of worth;
 /herever I wander, wherever I rove,
 he hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

arewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
 arewell to the straths and green valleys below;
 arewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
 My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
 My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
 Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
 My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

COMING THROUGH THE RYE.

Coming through the rye, poor body,
 Coming through the rye,
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.
 Jenny's a' wat, poor body,
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body —
 Coming through the rye;
 Gin a body kiss a body —
 Need a body cry?

Gin a body meet a body
 Coming through the glen,
 Gin a body kiss a body —
 Need the world ken?
 Jenny's a' wat, poor body;
 Jenny's seldom dry;
 She draiglet a' her petticoatie,
 Coming through the rye.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' monie a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And, pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder;
But oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And closed for ay the sparkling glance,
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould' ring now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn,
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn.
 O Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where by the winding Ayr we met,
 To live one day of parting love?
 Eternity will not efface
 Those records dear of transports past;
 Thy image at our last embrace;
 Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
 The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
 Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression deeper makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear.
 My Mary, dear departed shade!
 Where is thy blissful place of rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(b 1771 — d 1832).

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

(FROM "THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL").

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,


This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd,

From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentr'd all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonour'd, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.

THE BATTLE.

(FROM "MARMION").

From Flodden ridge
 The Scots beheld the English host
 Leave Barmore-wood, their evening post,
 And heedful watch'd them as they cross' 
 The Till by Twisel Bridge.
 High sight it is, and haughty, while
 They dive into the deep defile;
 Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
 Beneath the castle's airy wall.
 By rock, by oak, by hawthorn-tree,
 Troop after troop are disappearing;
 Troop after troop their banners rearing,
 Upon the eastern bank you see.
 Still pouring down the rocky den,
 Where flows the sullen Till,
 And rising from the dim-wood glen,
 Standards on standards, men on men,
 In slow succession still,
 And, sweeping o'er the Gothic arch,
 And pressing on, in ceaseless march,
 To gain the opposing hill.
 That morn, to many a trumpet clang,
 Twisel! thy rock's deep echo rang;
 And many a chief of birth and rank,
 Saint Helen! at thy fountain drank.
 Thy hawthorn glade, which now we see
 In spring-tide bloom so lavishly,
 Had then from many an axe its doom,
 To give the marching columns room.

And why stands Scotland idly now,
 Dark Flodden! on thy airy brow,

Since England gains the pass the while,
 And struggles through the deep defile?
 What checks the fiery soul of James?
 Why sits that champion of the dames
 Inactive on his steed,
 And sees, between him and his land,
 Between him and Tweed's southern strand,
 His host Lord Surrey lead?
 What 'vails the vain knight-errant's brand? —
 O, Douglas, for thy leading wand!
 Fierce Randolph, for thy speed!
 O for one hour of Wallace wight,
 Or well-skill'd Bruce, to rule the fight,
 And cry — "Saint Andrew and our right!"
 Another sight had seen that morn,
 From Fate's dark book a leaf been torn,
 And Flodden had been Bannockbourne! —
 The precious hour has pass'd in vain,
 And England's host has gain'd the plain;
 Wheeling their march, and circling still,
 Around the base of Flodden hill.

Ere yet the bands met Marmion's eye,
 Fitz-Eustace shouted loud and high,
 "Hark! hark! my lord, an English drum!
 And see ascending squadrons come
 Between Tweed's river and the hill,
 Foot, horse, and cannon: — hap what hap,
 My basnet to a prentice cap,
 Lord Surrey's o'er the Till! —
 Yet more! yet more! — how far array'd
 They file from out the hawthorn shade,
 And sweep so gallant by!
 With all their banners bravely spread,
 And all their armour flashing high,
 Saint George might waken from the dead,
 To see fair England's standards fly." —

"Stint in thy prate," quoth Blount, "thou'dst best,
 And listen to our lord's behest." —
 With kindling brow Lord Marmion said, —
 "This instant be our band array'd;
 The river must be quickly cross'd,
 That we may join Lord Surrey's host.
 If fight King James, — as well I trust
 That fight he will, and fight he must,
 The Lady Clare behind our lines
 Shall tarry, while the battle joins."

Himself he swift on horseback threw,
 Scarce to the Abbot bade adieu;
 Far less would listen to his prayer,
 To leave behind the helpless Clare.
 Down to the Tweed his band he drew,
 And mutter'd, as the flood they view,
 "The pheasant in the falcon's claw,
 He scarce will yield to please a daw:
 Lord Angus may the Abbot awe,
 So Clare shall bide with me."

Then on that dangerous ford, and deep,
 Where to the Tweed Leat's eddies creep,

He ventured desperately:

And not a moment will he bide,
 Till squire, or groom, before him ride;
 Headmost of all he stems the tide,

And stems it gallantly.

Eustace held Clare upon her horse,

Old Hubert led her rein,

Stoutly they braved the current's course,

And, though far downward driven per force,

The southern bank they gain;

Behind them straggling, came to shore,

As best they might, the train:

Each o'er his head his yew-bow bore,

A caution not in vain;

Deep need that day that every string,
 By wet unharm'd, should sharply ring.
 A moment then Lord Marmion staid,
 And breathed his steed, his men array'd,
 Then forward moved his band,
 Until, Lord Surrey's rear-guard won,
 He halted by a Cross of Stone,
 That, on a hillock standing lone,
 Did all the field command.

Hence might they see the full array
 Of either host, for deadly fray;
 Their marshall'd lines stretch'd east and west,
 And fronted north and south,
 And distant salutation pass'd
 From the loud cannon mouth;
 Not in the close successive rattle,
 That breathes the voice of modern battle,
 But slow and far between. —
 The hillock gain'd, Lord Marmion staid:
 "Here, by this Cross," he gently said,
 "You well may view the scene.
 Here shalt thou tarry, lovely Clare:
 O! think of Marmion in thy prayer! —
 Thou wilt not? — well, — no less my care
 Shall, watchful, for thy weal prepare. —
 You, Blount and Eustace, are her guard,
 With ten pick'd archers of my train;
 With England if the day go hard,
 To Berwick speed amain. —
 But if we conquer, cruel maid,
 My spoils shall at your feet be laid,
 When here we meet again."
 He waited not for answer there,
 And would not mark the maid's despair,
 Nor heed the discontented look
 From either squire; but spurr'd amain,

And, dashing through the battle plain,
His way to Surrey took.

“— The good Lord Marmion, by my life!
Welcome to danger's hour! —
Short greeting serves in time of strife: —
Thus have I ranged my power:
Myself will rule this central host,
Stout Stanley fronts their right,
My sons command the vaward post,
With Brian Tunstall, stainless knight;
Lord Dacre, with his horsemen light,
Shall be in rearward of the fight,
And succour those that need it most.
Now, gallant Marmion, well I know,
Would gladly to the vanguard go;
Edmund, the Admiral, Tunstall there,
With thee their charge will blithely share;
There fight thine own retainers too,
Beneath De Burg, thy steward true.” —
“Thanks, noble Surrey!” Marmion said,
Nor farther greeting there he paid;
But, parting like a thunderbolt,
First in the vanguard made a halt,
Where such a shout there rose
Of “Marmion! Marmion!” that the cry
Up Flodden Mountain shrilling high,
Startled the Scottish foes.

Blount and Fitz-Eustace rested still
With Lady Clare upon the hill;
On which (for far the day was spent)
The western sunbeams now were bent.
The cry they heard, its meaning knew,
Could plain their distant comrades view:
Sadly to Blount did Eustace say,
“Unworthy office here to stay!

No hope of gilded spurs to-day. —
 But see! look up — on Flodden bent
 The Scottish foe has fired his tent."

And sudden, as he spoke,
 From the sharp ridges of the hill,
 All downward to the banks of Till,

Was wreathed in sable smoke.
 Volumed and fast, and rolling far,
 The cloud enveloped Scotland's war,

As down the hill they broke;
 Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
 Announced their march; their tread alone,
 At times one warning trumpet blown,

At times a stifled hum,
 Told England, from his mountain-throne

King James did rushing come. —
 Scarce could they hear, or see their foes,

Until at weapon-point they close. —
 They close, in clouds of smoke and dust,
 With sword-sway, and with lance's thrust;

And such a yell was there,
 Of sudden and portentous birth,
 As if men fought upon the earth,

And fiends in upper air;
 O life and death were in the shout,
 Recoil and rally, charge and rout,

And triumph and despair.
 Long look'd the anxious squires; their eye
 Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.
 Then mark'd they, dashing broad and far,

The broken billows of the war,
And plumed crests of chieftains brave
Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see:
Wide raged the battle on the plain;
Spears shook, and falchions flash'd amain;
Fell England's arrow-flight like rain:
Crests rose, and stoop'd, and rose again,
Wild and disorderly.

Amid the scene of tumult, high
They saw Lord Marmion's falcon fly:
And stainless Tunstall's banner white,
And Edmund Howard's lion bright,
Still bear them bravely in the fight;

Although against them come,
Of gallant Gordons many a one,
And many a stubborn Badenoch-man,
And many a rugged Border clan,
With Huntly, and with Home.

Far on the left, unseen the while,
Stanley broke Lennox and Argyle;
Though there the western mountaineer
Rush'd with bare bosom on the spear,
And flung the feeble targe aside,
And with both hands the broadsword plied,
'Twas vain: — But Fortune, on the right,
With fickle smile, cheer'd Scotland's fight.
Then fell that spotless banner white,

The Howard's lion fell;
Yet still Lord Marmion's falcon flew
With wavering flight, while fiercer grew
Around the battle-yell.

The Border slogan rent the sky!
A Home! a Gordon! was the cry:
Loud were the clanging blows;
Advanced, — forced back, — now low, now high,

The pennon sunk and rose;
 As bends the bark's mast in the gale,
 When rent are rigging, shrouds, and sail,
 It waver'd 'mid the foes.

No longer Blount the view could bear:
 "By heaven and all its saints! I swear,
 I will not see it lost!

Fitz-Eustace, you with Lady Clare
 May bid your beads, and patter prayer, —
 I gallop to the host."

And to the fray he rode amain,
 Follow'd by all the archer train.
 The fiery youth, with desperate charge,
 Made, for a space, an opening large, —

The rescued banner rose, —
 But darkly closed the war around,
 Like pine-tree, rooted from the ground,
 It sunk among the foes.

Then Eustace mounted too: — yet staid,
 As loath to leave the helpless maid,

When, fast as shaft can fly,
 Blood-shot his eyes, his nostrils spread,
 The loose rein dangling from his head,
 Housing and saddle bloody red,

Lord Marmion's steed rush'd by;
 And Eustace, maddening at the sight,
 A look and sign to Clara cast,
 To mark he would return in haste,
 Then plunged into the fight.

Ask me not what the maiden feels,
 Left in that dreadful hour alone:
 Perchance her reason stoops, or reels;
 Perchance a courage, not her own,
 Braces her mind to desperate tone. —
 The scatter'd van of England wheels; —
 She only said, as loud in air

The tumult roar'd, "Is Wilton there?" —
 They fly, or, madden'd by despair,
 Fight but to die, — "Is Wilton there?"
 With that, straight up the hill there rode
 Two horsemen drench'd with gore,
 And in their arms, a helpless load,
 A wounded knight they bore.
 His hand still strain'd the broken brand;
 His arms were smear'd with blood and sand.
 Dragg'd from among the horses' feet,
 With dinted shield, and helmet beat,
 The falcon-crest and plumage gone,
 Can that be haughty Marmion! . . .
 Young Blount his armour did unlace,
 And, gazing on his ghastly face,
 Said — "By Saint George, he's gone!
 That spear-wound has our master sped, —
 And see, the deep cut on his head!
 Good-night to Marmion." —
 "Unnurtured Blount! thy brawling cease:
 He opes his eyes", said Eustace; "peace!"

When, doff'd his casque, he felt free air,
 Around' gan Marmion wildly stare: —
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare!
 Redeem my pennon, — charge again!
 Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!
 Last of my race, on battle-plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again! —
 Yet my last thought is England's — fly,
 To Dacre bear my signet ring:
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring. —
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie;
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field,
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield:
 Edmund is down: — my life is reft;

The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire, --
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost. —
 Must I bid twice? — hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone — to die."
 They parted, and alone he lay;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmur'd, — "Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nurst,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!"

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou! —
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the Baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stoop'd her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
 For, oozing from the mountain's side,
 Where raged the war, a dark-red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn! — behold her mark
 A little fountain cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone basin fell.

Above, some half-worn letters say,
 Drink . weary , pilgrim . drink . and . pray .
 For . the . kind . soul . of . Sybil . Gray .

Who . built . this . cross . and . well .
 She fill'd the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied

A Monk supporting Marmion's head;
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.

Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stoop'd his brow to lave —
 "Is it the hand of Clare," he said,
 "Or injured Constance, bathes my head?"

Then, as remembrance rose, —
 "Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!
 I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare;
 Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!" —

"Alas!" she said, "the while, —
 O, think of your immortal weal!
 In vain for Constance is your zeal;

She —— died at Holy Isle." —
 Lord Marmion started from the ground,
 As light as if he felt no wound;
 Though in the action burst the tide,
 In torrents, from his wounded side.
 "Then it was truth," he said — "I knew
 That the dark presage must be true. —
 I would the Fiend, to whom belongs
 The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day!
 For wasting fire, and dying groan,
 And priests slain on the altar stone
 Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be! — this dizzy trance —
 Curse on yon base marauder's lance,
 And doubly cursed my failing brand!
 A sinful heart makes feeble hand."
 Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,
 Supported by the trembling Monk.

With fruitless labour, Clara bound,
 And strove to stanch the gushing wound;
 The Monk, with unavailing cares,
 Exhausted all the Church's prayers.
 Ever, he said, that, close and near,
 A lady's voice was in his ear,
 And that the priest he could not hear;
 For that she ever sung,
*"In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
 Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!"*
 So the notes rung; —
 "Avoid thee, Fiend! — with cruel hand,
 Shake not the dying sinner's sand! —
 O, look, my son, upon yon sign
 Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
 O, think on faith and bliss! —
 By many a death-bed I have been,
 And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this." —
 The war, that for a space did fail,
 Now trebly thundering swell'd the gale,
 And — STANLEY! was the cry; —
 A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
 With dying hand, above his head,
 He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted "Victory! —
 Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
 Were the last words of Marmion.

By this, though deep the evening fell,
 Still rose the battle's deadly swell,
 For still the Scots, around their King,
 Unbroken, fought in desperate ring.

Where's now their victor vaward wing,

Where Huntly, and where Home? —
 O for a blast of that dread horn,
 On Fontarabian echoes borne,

That to King Charles did come,
 When Rowland brave, and Olivier,
 And every paladin and peer,

On Roncevalles died!
 Such blast might warn them, not in vain,
 To quit the plunder of the slain,
 And turn the doubtful day again,

While yet on Flodden side,
 Afar, the Royal Standard flies,
 And round it toils, and bleeds, and dies,

Our Caledonian pride!
 In vain the wish — for far away,
 While spoil and havoc mark their way,
 Near Sybil's Cross the plunderers stray.

"O, Lady," cried the Monk, "away!"

And placed her on her steed,
 And led her to the chapel fair,
 Of Tillmouth upon Tweed.

There all the night they spent in prayer,
 And at the dawn of morning, there
 She met her kinsman, Lord Fitz-Clare.

But as they left the dark'ning heath,
 More desperate grew the strife of death.
 The English shafts in volleys hail'd,
 In headlong charge their horse assail'd;
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep
 To break the Scottish circle deep,
 That fought around their King.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
 Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,
 Unbroken was the ring;
 The stubborn spear-men still made good
 Each stepping where his comrade stood,
 The instant that he fell.
 No thought was there of dastard flight;
 Link'd in the serried phalanx tight,
 Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
 As fearlessly and well;
 Till utter darkness closed her wing
 O'er their thin host and wounded King.
 Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
 Led back from strife his shatter'd bands;
 And from the charge they drew,
 As mountain-waves, from wasted lands,
 Sweep back to ocean blue.
 Then did their loss his foemen know;
 Their King, their Lords, their mightiest low,
 They melted from the field as snow,
 When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
 Dissolves in silent dew.
 Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
 While many a broken band,
 Disorder'd, through her currents dash,
 To gain the Scottish land;
 To town and tower, to down and dale,
 To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
 And raise the universal wail.
 Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
 Shall many an age that wail prolong:
 Still from the sire the son shall hear
 Of the stern strife, and carnage drear,
 Of Flodden's fatal field,
 Where shiver'd was fair Scotland's spear,
 And broken was her shield!

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(b 1772 — d 1834).

THE KNIGHT'S TOMB.

Where is the grave of Sir Arthur O'Kellyn?
 Where may the grave of that goodman be? —
 By the side of a spring, on the breast of Helvellyn,
 Under the twigs of a young birch tree!
 The oak that in summer was sweet to hear,
 And rustled its leaves in the fall of the year,
 And whistled and roar'd in the winter alone,
 Is gone, — and the birch in its stead is grown. —
 The Knight's bones are dust,
 And his good sword rust; —
 His soul is with the saints, I trust.

FRANCE.

AN ODE.

I.

Ye Clouds! that far above me float and pause,
 Whose pathless march no mortal may controul!
 Ye Ocean-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,
 Yield homage only to eternal laws!
 Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds' singing,
 Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclined,
 Save when your own imperious branches swinging,
 Have made a solemn music of the wind!
 Where, like a man beloved of God,
 Through glooms, which never woodman trod,
 How oft pursuing fancies holy,
 My moonlight way o'er flowering weeds I wound,

Inspired, beyond the guess of folly,
 By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!
 O ye loud Waves! and O ye Forests high!
 And O ye Clouds that far above me soar'd!
 Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky!
 Yea, every thing that is and will be free!
 Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be,
 With what deep worship I have still adored
 The spirit of divinest Liberty.

II.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs uprear'd,
 And with that oath, which smote air, earth, and sea,
 Stamp'd her strong foot and said she would be free,
 Bear witness for me, how I hoped and fear'd!
 With what a joy my lofty gratulation
 Unawed I sang, amid a slavish band:
 And when to whelm the disenchanted nation,
 Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand,
 The Monarchs march'd in evil day,
 And Britain join'd the dire array;
 Though dear her shores and circling ocean,
 Though many friendships, many youthful loves,
 Had swoln the patriot emotion,
 And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;
 Yet still my voice, unalter'd, sang defeat
 To all that braved the tyant-quelling lance,
 And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!
 For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
 I dimm'd thy light or damp'd thy holy flame;
 But bless'd the pæans of deliver'd France,
 And hung my head and wept at Britain's name.

III.

"And what," I said, "though Blasphemy's loud scream
 With that sweet music of deliverance strove?
 Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove

A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream?
 Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled,
 The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!"
 And when, to soothe my soul, that hoped and trembled
 The dissonance ceased, and all seem'd calm and bright,
 When France her front, deep-scarr'd and gory,
 Conceal'd with clustering wreaths of glory;
 When, insupportably advancing,
 Her arm made mockery of the warrior's ramp;
 While, timid looks of fury glancing,
 Domestic treason, crush'd beneath her fatal stamp,
 Writhed like a wounded dragon in his gore;
 Then I reproach'd my fears that would not flee;
 "And soon," I said, "shall Wisdom teach her lore
 In the low huts of them that toil and groan!
 And, conquering by her happiness alone,
 Shall France compel the nations to be free,
 Till Love and Joy look round, and call the earth their o

IV.

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!
 I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament,
 From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent —
 I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams!
 Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd,
 And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountain-snows
 With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherish'd
 One thought that ever bless'd your cruel foes!
 To scatter rage and traitorous guilt,
 Where Peace her jealous home had built;
 A patriot-race to disinherit
 Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;
 And with inexpiable spirit
 To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer—
 O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,
 And patriot only in pernicious toils,

Are these thy boasts, champion of human kind?
 To mix with kings in the low lust of sway,
 Yell in the hunt, and share the murderous prey;
 To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils
 From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

V.

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain,
 Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad game
 They burst their manacles and wear the name
 Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain!
 O Liberty! with profitless endeavour
 Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour;
 But thou nor swell'st the victor's strain, nor ever
 Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human power.
 Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee,
 (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee,)
 Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions,
 And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves,
 Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions,
 The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!
 And there I felt thee! — on that sea-cliff's verge,
 Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze above,
 Had made one murmur with the distant surge!
 Yes, while I stood and gazed, my temples bare,
 And shot my being through earth, sea and air,
 Possessing all things with intensest love,
 O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.
 February, 1798.

FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

The frost performs its secret ministry,
 Unhelp'd by any wind. The owl's cry
 Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before.
 The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,

Have left me to that solitude, which suits
 Abstruser musings; save that at my side
 My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
 'Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs
 And vexes meditation with its strange
 And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
 This populous village! Sea! and hill, and wood,
 With all the numberless goings on of life,
 Inaudible as dreams! The thin blue flame
 Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
 Only that film, which flutter'd on the grate,
 Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
 Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
 Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
 Making it a companionable form,
 Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling spirit
 By its own moods interprets, every where
 Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
 And makes a toy of thought.

But O! how oft,
 How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
 Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
 To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft,
 With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
 Of my sweet birth-place, and the old church-tower,
 Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
 From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day,
 So sweetly, that they stirr'd and haunted me
 With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
 Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
 So gazed I, till the soothing things I dreamt
 Lull'd me to sleep, and sleep prolong'd my dreams!
 And so I brooded all the following morn,
 Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
 Fix'd with mock study on my swimming book
 Save if the door half open'd, and I snatch'd

A hasty glance, and still my heart leap'd up,
 For still I hoped to see the stranger's face,
 Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
 My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
 Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
 Fill up the interspersed vacancies
 And momentary pauses of the thought!
 My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
 With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
 And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
 And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd
 In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
 And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
 But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
 By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags
 Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
 Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
 And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
 The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
 Of that eternal language, which thy God
 Utters, who from eternity doth teach
 Himself in all, and all things in Himself.
 Great universal Teacher! He shall mould
 Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
 Whether the summer clothe the general earth
 With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
 Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
 Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
 Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eve-drops fall,
 Heard only in the trances of the blast,
 Or if the secret ministry of frost
 Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
 Quietly shining to the quiet moon.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(b 1770 — d 1850).

— A simple child,
That lightly draws its breath,
And feels its life in every limb,
What should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad:
Her eyes were fair, and very fair;
— Her beauty made me glad.

"Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
How many may you be?"
"How many? Seven in all," she said,
And wondering looked at me.

"And where are they? I pray you tell."
She answered, "Seven are we;
And two of us at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea.

"Two of us in the churchyard lie,
My sister and my brother;
And, in the churchyard cottage, I
Dwell near them with my mother."

"You say that two at Conway dwell,
And two are gone to sea,
Yet ye are seven! — I pray you tell,
Sweet Maid, how this may be."

Then did the little Maid reply,
"Seven boys and girls are we;
Two of us in the churchyard lie,
Beneath the churchyard tree."

"You run about, my little Maid,
Your limbs they are alive;
If two are in the churchyard laid,
Then ye are only five."

"Their graves are green, they may be seen,"
The little Maid replied,
"Twelve steps or more from my mother's door,
And they are side by side."

"My stockings there I often knit,
My kerchief there I hem;
And there upon the ground I sit —
I sit and sing to them."

"And often after sunset, Sir,
When it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
And eat my supper there."

"The first that died was little Jane;
In bed she moaning lay,
Till God released her of her pain;
And then she went away."

"So in the churchyard she was laid;
And, when the grass was dry,
Together round her grave we played,
My brother John and I."

"And when the ground was white with snow,
And I could run and slide,
My brother John was forced to go,
And he lies by her side."

"How many are you, then," said I,
 "If they two are in Heaven?"
 The little Maiden did reply,
 "O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead; those two are dead!
 Their spirits are in Heaven!"
 'Twas throwing words away: for still
 The little Maid would have her will,
 And said, "Nay, we are seven!"

LUCY GRAY.

OR, SOLITUDE.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
 And, when I crossed the wild,
 I chanced to see at break of day
 The solitary Child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
 She dwelt on a wide moor,
 — The sweetest thing that ever grew
 Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
 The hare upon the green;
 But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
 Will never more be seen.

"To-night will be a stormy night —
 You to the town must go;
 And take a lantern, Child, to light
 Your mother through the snow."

"That, Father! will I gladly do:
 'Tis scarcely afternoon —
 The Minster-clock has just struck two,
 And yonder is the Moon."

At this the Father raised his hook,
 And snapped a faggot-band;
 He plied his work; — and Lucy took
 The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
 With many a wanton stroke
 Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
 That rises up like smoke.

The snow came on before its time:
 She wandered up and down;
 And many a hill did Lucy climb;
 But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
 Went shouting far and wide;
 But there was neither sound nor sight
 To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
 That overlooked the moor;
 And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
 A furlong from their door.

They wept — and, turning homeward, cried,
 "In Heaven we all shall meet:"
 — When in the snow the mother spied
 The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless from the steep hill's edge
 They tracked the footmarks small;
 And through the broken hawthorn-hedge
 And by the long stone-wall;

And then an open field they crossed:
 The marks were still the same;
 They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
 And to the Bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
 Those footmarks, one by one,
 Into the middle of the plank;
 And further there were none!

— Yet some maintain that to this day
 She is a living child;
 That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
 Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along
 And never looks behind;
 And sings a solitary song
 That whistles in the wind.

THE SOLITARY REAPER.

Behold her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass!
 Reaping and singing by herself;
 Stop here, or gently pass!
 Alone she cuts, and binds the grain,
 And sings a melancholy strain;
 O listen! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chant
 So sweetly to reposing bands
 Of Travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands:

A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending; --
I listened till I had my fill,
And when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

"SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT."

She was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
 A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
 Her household motions light and free,
 And steps of virgin liberty;
 A countenance in which did meet
 Sweet records, promises as sweet;
 A Creature not too bright or good
 For human nature's daily food;
 For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
 Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
 The very pulse of the machine;
 A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
 A Traveller between life and death;
 The reason firm, the temperate will,
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
 A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
 To warn, to comfort, and command;
 And yet a Spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light.

"SCORN NOT THE SONNET."

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours; with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
 Camöens soothed with it an exile's grief;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,

It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains — alas, too few!

LONDON, 1802.

Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour:
 England hath need of thee: she is a fen
 Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
 Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
 Have forfeited their ancient English dower
 Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
 Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
 And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
 Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
 Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:
 Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
 So didst thou travel on life's common way,
 In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
 The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE, SEPT. 3, 1803.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This City now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie

Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

THOMAS MOORE.

(b 1779 — d 1852).

FROM "PARADISE AND THE PERI."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
 Softly the light of Eve reposes,
 And, like a glory, the broad sun
 Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
 Whose head in wintry grandeur towers.
 And whitens with eternal sleet,
 While summer, in a vale of flowers,
 Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air
 O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
 How beauteous must have been the glow,
 The life, how sparkling from below!
 Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
 Of golden melons on their banks,
 More golden where the sun-light falls; —
 Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
 Of ruin'd shrines busy and bright

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As they were all alive with light;
 And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
 Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
 With their rich restless wings, that gleam
 Variously in the crimson beam
 Of the warm west, — as if inlaid
 With brilliants from the mine, or made
 Of tearless rainbows, such as span
 Th' unclouded skies of Peristan!
 And then, the mingling sounds that come,
 Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
 Of the wild bees of Palestine,
 Banqueting through the flowery vales; —
 And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
 And woods, so full of nightingales.

But nought can charm the luckless Peri;
 Her soul is sad —her wings are weary —
 Joyless she sees the sun look down
 On that great temple, once his own,
 Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
 Flinging their shadows from on high,
 Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
 Had raised to count his ages by!
 Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
 Beneath those chambers of the Sun,
 Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
 In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
 With the great name of Solomon,
 Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
 May teach her where, beneath the moon,
 In earth or ocean lies the boon,
 The charm, that can restore so soon,
 An erring spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither; —
 Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,

Nor have the golden bowers of Even
 In the rich west begun to wither; —
 When, o'er the vale of Baalbec winging
 Slowly, she sees a child at play,
 Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
 As rosy and as wild as they;
 Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
 The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
 That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
 Like wing'd flowers or flying gems: —
 And, near the boy, who tired with play,
 Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
 She saw a wearied man dismount
 From his hot steed, and on the brink
 Of a small imaret's rustic fount
 Impatient fling him down to drink.
 Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
 To the fair child, who fearless sat,
 Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
 Upon a brow more fierce than that, —
 Sullenly fierce — a mixture dire,
 Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
 In which the Peri's eye could read
 Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
 The ruin'd maid — the shrine profaned —
 Oaths broke — and the threshold stain'd
 With blood of guests! — *there* written, all,
 Black as the damning drops that fall
 From the denouncing Angel's pen,
 Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
 (As if the balmy evening time
 Softend'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
 Watching the rosy infant's play: —
 Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
 Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance

Met that unclouded, joyous gaze
 As torches, that have burn'd all night
 Through some impure and godless rite,
 Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
 As slow the orb of daylight sets,
 Is rising sweetly on the air,
 From Syria's thousand minarets!
 The boy has started from the bed
 Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
 And down upon the fragrant sod
 Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
 Lispering the eternal name of God
 From purity's own cherub mouth,
 And looking, while his hands and eyes
 Are lifted to the glowing skies,
 Like a stray babe of Paradise,
 Just lighted on that flowery plain,
 And seeking for its home again!
 Oh 'twas a sight — that heaven — that child —
 A scene which might have well beguiled
 Even haughty Eblis of a sigh
 For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
 Reclining there — while memory ran
 O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
 Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
 Nor found one sunny resting-place,
 Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
 "There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
 Heart-humbled tones — "thou blessed child!
 When young, and haply pure as thou,
 I look'd and pray'd like thee — but now —"
 He hung his head — each nobler aim
 And hope and feeling, which had slept

From boyhood's hour, that instant came
 Fresh o'er him, and he wept — he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
 In whose benign, redeeming flow
 Is felt the first, the only sense
 Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.
 "There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the
 Falls through the withering airs of June
 Upon Egypt's land, of so healing a power,
 So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
 That drop descends, contagion dies,
 And health reanimates earth and skies! —
 Oh, is it not thus, thou man of sin,
 The precious tears of repentance fall?
 Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
 One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"
 And now — behold him kneeling there
 By the child's side, in humble prayer,
 While the same sunbeam shines upon
 The guilty and the guiltless one,
 And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
 The triumph of a Soul Forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
 While on their knees they linger'd yet,
 There fell a light, more lovely far
 Than ever came from sun or star,
 Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
 Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
 To mortal eye this light might seem
 A northern flash or meteor beam —
 But well th' enraptured Peri knew
 'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
 From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
 Her harbinger of glory near!

FALLEN IS THY THRONE.

Fallen is thy throne, O Israel!
 Silence is o'er thy plains;
 Thy dwellings all lie desolate,
 Thy children weep in chains!
 Where are the dews that fed thee
 On Etham's barren shore!
 That fire from heaven which led thee,
 Nows lights thy path no more.

Lord! thou didst love Jerusalem —
 Once she was all Thy own;
 Her love Thy fairest heritage
 Her power Thy glory's throne,
 Till evil came and blighted
 Thy long-loved olive-tree; —
 And Salem's shrines were lighted
 For other gods than Thee.

Then sunk the star of Solyma —
 Then pass'd her glory's day,
 Like heath that in the wilderness
 The wild wind whirls away.
 Silent and waste her bowers,
 Where once the mighty trod,
 And sunk those guilty towers,
 Where Baal reign'd as God.

"Go" — said the Lord — "Ye conquerors!
 Steep in her blood your swords,
 And raze to earth her battlements,
 For they are not the Lord's.
 Till Zion's mournful daughter
 O'er kindred bones shall tread,
 And Hinnom's vale of slaughter
 Shall hide but half her dead!"

DEAR HARP OF MY COUNTRY.

Dear Harp of my country! in darkness I found thee,
 The cold chain of silence had hung o'er thee long,
 When proudly, my own Island Harp! I unbound thee,
 And gave all thy chords to light, freedom, and song!
 The warm lay of love and the light note of gladness
 Have waken'd thy fondest, thy liveliest thrill;
 But so oft hast thou echo'd the deep sigh of sadness,
 That even in thy mirth it will steal from thee still.

Dear Harp of my country! farewell to thy numbers,
 This sweet wreath of song is the last we shall twine;
 Go, sleep with the sunshine of fame on thy slumbers,
 Till touch'd by some hand less unworthy than mine.
 If the pulse of the patriot, soldier, or lover,
 Has throb'd at our lay, 'tis thy glory alone;
 I was *but* as the wind passing heedlessly over,
 And all the wild sweetness I waked was thy own.

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

Erin! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
 Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
 Shining through sorrow's stream,
 Saddening through pleasure's beam,
 Thy sons, with doubtful gleam,
 Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
 Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
 Till, like the rainbow's light,
 Thy various tints unite,
 And form, in Heaven's sight,
 One arch of peace!

'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
 Left blooming alone;
 All her lovely companions
 Are faded and gone;
 No flower of her kindred,
 No rosebud is nigh
 To reflect back her blushes,
 Or give sigh for sigh!

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
 To pine on the stem;
 Since the lovely are sleeping,
 Go, sleep thou with them;
 Thus kindly I scatter
 Thy leaves o'er the bed,
 Where thy mates of the garden
 Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
 When friendships decay,
 And from love's shining circle
 Thy gems drop away!
 When true hearts lie wither'd,
 And fond ones are flown,
 Oh, who would inhabit
 This bleak world alone?

GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON.

(b 1788 — d 1824).

SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY.

She walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies;
 And all that's best of dark and bright,

Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
 Thus mellowed to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impaired the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face;
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR.

The king was on his throne,
 The satraps throng'd the hall;
 A thousand bright lamps shone
 O'er that high festival.
 A thousand cups of gold,
 In Judah deem'd divine —
 Jehovah's vessels hold
 The godless heathen's wine!

In that same hour and hall,
 The fingers of a hand
 Came forth against the wall,
 And wrote as if on sand:
 The fingers of a man; —
 A solitary hand
 Along the letters ran
 And traced them like a wand

The monarch saw, and shook,
 And bade no more rejoice;
 All bloodless wax'd his look
 And tremulous his voice.
 "Let the men of lore appear,
 The wisest of the earth,
 And expound the words of fear,
 Which mar our royal mirth."

Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill:
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw — but knew no more.

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view;
 He read it on that night, —
 The morrow proved it true.

"Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom pass'd away,
 He in the balance weigh'd
 Is light and worthless clay.
 The shroud, his robe of state,
 His canopy, the stone;
 The Mede is at his gate,
 The Persian on his throne!"

SONNET ON CHILLON.

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind!
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart —
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd —
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless bloom
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.
 Chillon! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar — for 'twas trod,
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard! — May none those marks efface!
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

THE PRISONER OF CHILLON.

I.

My hair is grey, but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears:
 My limbs are bow'd, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are bann'd, and barr'd — forbidden fare;
 But this was for my father's faith
 I suffer'd chains and courted death;
 That father perish'd at the stake

For tenets he would not forsake;
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place;
 We were seven — who now are one,
 Six in youth, and one in age,
 Finish'd as they had begun,
 Proud of persecution's rage;
 One in fire, and two in field,
 Their belief with blood have seal'd
 Dying as their father died,
 For the God their foes denied;
 Three were in a dungeon cast,
 Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II.

There are seven pillars of Gothicmould,
 In Chillon's dungeons deep and old.
 There are seven columns, massy and grey,
 Dim with a dull imprison'd ray,
 A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
 And through the crevice and the cleft
 Of the thick wall is fallen and left;
 Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
 Like a marsh's meteor lamp:
 And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain;
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in these limbs its teeth remain,
 With marks that will not wear away,
 Till I have done with this new day,
 Which now is painful to these eyes,
 Which have not seen the sun so rise
 For years — I cannot count them o'er.
 I lost their long and heavy score,
 When my last brother droop'd and died,
 And I lay living by his side.

III.

They chain'd us each to a column stone —
 And we were three — yet, each alone;
 We could not move a single pace,
 We could not see each other's face,
 But with that pale and livid light
 That made us strangers in our sight:
 And thus together — yet apart,
 Fetter'd in hand, but joined in heart,
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope or legend old,
 Or song heroically bold;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound — not full and free
 As they of yore were wont to be:
 It might be fancy — but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV.

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest
 I ought to do — and did my best —
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him — with eyes as blue as heaven,
 For him my soul was sorely moved:
 And truly might it be distress'd
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day —

(When day was beautiful to me
 As to young eagles, being free) —
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun:
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flow'd like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe
 Which he abbor'd to view below.

V.

The other was as pure of mind,
 But form'd to combat with his kind;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perish'd in the foremost rank
 With joy: — but not in chains to pine:
 His spirit wither'd with their clank,
 I saw it silently decline —
 And so perchance in sooth did mine:
 But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.
 He was a hunter of the hills,
 Had follow'd there the deer and wolf,
 To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fetter'd feet the worst of ills.

VI.

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls:
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent

From Chillon's snow-white battlement,
 Which round about the wave enthrals:
 A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made — and like a living grave
 Below the surface of the lake
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay,
 We heard it ripple night and day;
 Sounding o'er our heads it knock'd;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high
 And wanton in the happy sky:
 And then the very rock hath rock'd,
 And I have felt it shake, unshock'd,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

VII.

I said my nearer brother pined,
 I said his mighty heart declined,
 He loathed and put away his food;
 It was not that 'twas coarse and rude,
 For we were used to hunter's fare,
 And for the like had little care:
 The milk drawn from the mountain goat
 Was changed for water from the moat,
 Our bread was such as captive's tears
 Have moisten'd many a thousand years,
 Since man first pent his fellow men
 Like brutes within an iron den;
 But what were these to us or him?
 These wasted not his heart or limb;
 My brother's soul was of that mould
 Which in a palace had grown cold,
 Had his free breathing been denied
 The range of the steep mountain's side:
 But why delay the truth? — he died.

I saw, and could not hold his head,
 Nor reach his dying hand — nor dead, —
 Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
 To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
 He died — and they unlock'd his chain,
 And scoop'd for him a shallow grave
 Even from the cold earth of our cave.
 I begg'd them, as a boon, to lay
 His corse in dust whereon the day
 Might shine — it was a foolish thought,
 But then within my brain it wrought,
 That even in death his freeborn breast
 In such a dungeon could not rest.
 I might have spared my idle prayer —
 They coldly laugh'd — and laid him there:
 The flat and turfless earth above
 The being we so much did love;
 His empty chain above it leant,
 Such murder's fitting monument!

VIII.

But he, the favourite and the flower,
 Most cherish'd since his natal hour,
 His mother's image in fair face,
 The infant love of all his race,
 His martyr'd father's dearest thought,
 My latest care, for whom I sought
 To hoard my life, that his might be
 Less wretched now, and one day free;
 He, too, who yet had held untired
 A spirit natural or inspired —
 He, too, was struck, and day by day
 Was wither'd on the stalk away.
 Oh, God! it is a fearful thing
 To see the human soul take wing
 In any shape, in any mood:

I've seen it on the breaking ocean
 Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
 I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
 Of Sin delirious with its dread:
 But these were horrors — this was woe
 Unmix'd with such — but sure and slow:
 He faded, and so calm and meek,
 So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
 So tearless, yet so tender — kind,
 And grieved for those he left behind;
 With all the while a cheek whose bloom
 Was as a mockery of the tomb,
 Whose tints as gently sunk away
 As a departing rainbow's ray —
 An eye of most transparent light,
 That almost made the dungeon bright,
 And not a word of murmur — not
 A groan o'er his untimely lot, —
 A little talk of better days,
 A little hope my own to raise,
 For I was sunk in silence — lost
 In this last loss, of all the most;
 And then the sighs he would suppress
 Of fainting nature's feebleness,
 More slowly drawn, grew less and less:
 I listen'd, but I could not hear:
 I call'd, for I was wild with fear;
 I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
 Would not be thus admonished;
 I call'd, and thought I heard a sound —
 I burst my chain with one strong bound.
 And rush'd to him: — I found him not,
 I only stirr'd in this black spot,
 I only lived — I only drew
 The accursed breath of dungeon-dew;
 The last — the sole — the dearest link
 Between me and the eternal brink,

Which bound me to my failing race,
 Was broken in this fatal place.
 One on the earth, and one beneath —
 My brothers — both had ceased to breathe:
 I took that hand which lay so still,
 Alas! my own was full as chill;
 I had not strength to stir, or strive,
 But felt that I was still alive —
 A frantic feeling, when we know
 That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
 I had no earthly hope but faith,
 And that forbade a selfish death.

IX.

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well — I never knew —
 First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too:
 I had no thought, no feeling — none —
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist;
 For all was blank, and bleak, and grey;
 It was not night — it was not day;
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness — without a place;
 There were no stars — no earth — no time —
 No check — no change — no good — no crime —
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless!

X.

A light broke in upon my brain, —
It was the carol of a bird;
It ceased, and then it came again,
The sweetest song ear ever heard,
And mine was thankful till my eyes
Ran over with the glad surprise,
And they that moment could not see
I was the mate of misery;
But then by dull degrees came back
My senses to their wonted track;
I saw the dungeon walls and floor
Close slowly round me as before,
I saw the glimmer of the sun
Creeping as it before had done,
But through the crevice where it came
That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
And tamer than upon the tree;
A lovely bird, with azure wings,
And song that said a thousand things,
And seem'd to say them all for me!
I never saw its like before,
I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
It seem'd like me to want a mate,
But was not half so desolate,
And it was come to love me when
None lived to love me so again,
And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
Had brought me back to feel and think.
I know not if it late were free,
Or broke its cage to perch on mine,
But knowing well captivity,
Sweet bird! I could not wish for thine!
Or if it were, in winged guise,
A visitant from Paradise;
For — Heaven forgive that thought! the while

Which made me both to weep and smile;
 I sometimes deem'd that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal well I knew,
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone, —
 Lone — as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone — as a solitary cloud,

 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate,
 My keepers grew compassionate;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was: — my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part;
 And round the pillars one by one,
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart felt blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
It was not therefrom to escape,
For I had buried one and all
Who loved me in a human shape;
And the whole earth would henceforth be
A wider prison unto me:
No child — no sire — no kin had I.
No partner in my misery;
I thought of this, and I was glad,
For thought of them had made me mad;
But I was curious to ascend
To my barr'd windows, and to bend
Once more, upon the mountains high,
The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them — and they were the same,
They were not changed like me in frame;
I saw their thousand years of snow
On high — their wide long lake below,
And the blue Rhone in fullest flow;
I heard the torrents leap and gush
O'er channell'd rock and broken bush:
I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
And whiter sails go skimming down:
And then there was a little isle,
Which in my very face did smile,
The only one in view;
A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
But in it there were three tall trees,
And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
And by it there were waters flowing,
And on it there were young flowers growin

Of gentle breath and hue.

The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seem'd joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seem'd to fly,
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled — and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save, —
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count — I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote;
 At last men came to set me free,
 I ask'd not why, and reck'd not where,
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair.
 And thus when they appear'd at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage — and all my own!
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home:
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,

And why should I feel less than they?
 We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill — yet, strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learn'd to dwell;
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends
 To make us what we are: — even I
 Regain'd my freedom with a sigh.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

(b 1792 — d 1822).

TO A SKYLARK.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
 Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire;
 The blue deep thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
 In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightening,
 Thou dost float and run;
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.
 The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight;
 Like a star of heaven,
 In the broad day-light
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 We hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 Moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see,
 In thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 Music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aerial hue
 Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflower'd,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awaken'd flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass:

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine:
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymenæal,
 Or triumphant chaunt,
 Match'd with thine would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains?
 What shapes of sky or plain?
 What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be:
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee:
 Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 How could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
 We pine for what is not:
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught;
 Sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 How not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound,
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found,
 Skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 World should listen then, as I am listening now.

THE CLOUD.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet birds every one,
 When rock'd to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun.
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
 Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
 In a cavern under is fetter'd the thunder,
 It struggles and howls at fits;
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genii that move
 In the depths of the purple sea;
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 When the morning star shines dead.
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings.
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea bene

Its ardours of rest and of love,
 And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orb'd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn;
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer;
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.
 I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanos are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chain'd to my chair,
 Is the million-colour'd bow;
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky;

I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
 I change, but I cannot die.
 For after the rain when with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb
 I arise and unbuild it again.

SONG.

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismay'd;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
 To a merry measure,
 Thou wilt never come for pity,

Thou wilt come for pleasure,
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds storms,
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise and good;
Between thee and me
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love — though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art love and life! O come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

JOHN KEATS.

(b 1795 — d 1821).

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,

In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal — yet, do not grieve;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting, and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Tho a
 To
 Lead
 A
 Wh

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," — that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

SONG.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy tree,
 Thy branches ne'er remember
 Their green felicity:
 The north cannot undo them
 With a sleety whistle through them;
 Nor frozen thawings glue them
 From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
 Too happy, happy brook,
 Thy bubblings ne'er remember
 Apollo's summer look;
 But with a sweet forgetting,
 They stay their crystal fretting,
 Never, never penting
 About the frozen time.

Ah! would 'twere so with many
 A gentle girl and boy!
 But were there ever any
 Writhed not at passed joy?
 To know the change and feel it,
 When there is none to heal it
 Nor numbed sense to steal it,
 Was never said in rhyme.

FAERY SONG.

Shed no tear! O! shed no tear!
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more! O! weep no more!
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
 Dry your eyes! O! dry your eyes!
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies —
 Shed no tear.

Overhead! look overhead!
 'Mong the blossoms white and red —
 Look up, look up. I flutter now
 On this flush pomegranate bough.
 See me! 'tis this silvery bill
 Ever cures the good man's ill.

Shed no tear! O! shed no tear!
The flower will bloom another year.
Adieu, Adieu! — I fly, adieu,
I vanish in the heaven's blue —
Adieu, Adieu!

TO SLEEP.

○ soft embalmer of the still midnight!
Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
○ Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,
Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
○ soothest Sleep! if so it please thee, close,
In midst of this hymn, my willing eyes;
Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
Around my bed its lulling charities;
Then save me, or the passed day will shine
Upon my pillow, breeding many woes;
Save me from curious conscience, that still hoards
Its strength, for darkness burrowing like a mole;
Turn the key deftly in the oiled wards,
And seal the hushed casket of my soul.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

(*b* 1806 — *d* 1861).

A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD.

I.

They say that God lives very high;
But if you look above the pines
You cannot see our God; and why?

II.

And if you dig down in the mines
 You never see Him in the gold;
 Though from Him all that's glory shines.

III.

God is so good, He wears a fold
 Of heaven and earth across His face —
 Like secrets kept, for love, untold.

IV.

But still I feel that His embrace
 Slides down by thrills, through all things made
 Through sight and sound of every place:

V.

As if my tender mother laid
 On my shut lips her kisses' pressure,
 Half-waking me at night, and said
 "Who kissed you through the dark, dear guesser!"

THE SOUL'S EXPRESSION.

With stammering lips and insufficient sound
 I strive and struggle to deliver right
 That music of my nature, day and night
 With dream and thought and feeling interwound
 And inly answering all the senses round
 With octaves of a mystic depth and height
 Which step out grandly to the infinite
 From the dark edges of the sensual ground.

This song of soul I struggle to outbear
 Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,
 And utter all myself into the air:
 But if I did it, — as the thunder-roll
 Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there,
 Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

COMFORT.

Speak low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet!
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber while I go
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete
 In humanest affection — thus, in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

SONNET XXXIII.

(FROM "SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE.")

Yes, call me by pet-name! let me hear
 The name I used to run at, when a child,
 From innocent play, and leave the cowslips piled,
 To glance up in some face that proved me dear
 With the look of its eyes. I miss the clear
 Fond voices which, being drawn and reconciled

Into the music of Heaven's undefiled,
 Call me no longer. Silence on the bier,
 While I call God — call God! — So let thy mouth
 Be heir to those who are now exanimate.
 Gather the north flowers to complete the south,
 And catch the early love up in the late.
 Yes, call me by that name, — and I, in truth,
 With the same heart, will answer and not wait.

THE CHILDHOOD OF AURORA LEIGH.

(FROM "AURORA LEIGH.")

My mother was a Florentine,
 Whose rare blue eyes were shut from seeing me
 When scarcely I was four years old, my life
 A poor spark snatched up from a failing lamp
 Which went out therefore. She was weak and frail;
 She could not bear the joy of giving life,
 The mother's rapture slew her. If her kiss
 Had left a longer weight upon my lips
 It might have steadied the uneasy breath,
 And reconciled and fraternized my soul
 With the new order. As it was, indeed,
 I felt a mother-want about the world,
 And still went seeking, like a bleating lamb
 Left out at night in shutting up the fold, —
 As restless as a nest-deserted bird
 Grown chill through something being away, though wh
 It knows not. I, Aurora Leigh, was born
 To make my father sadder, and myself
 Not overjoyous, truly. Women know
 The way to rear up children (to be just),
 They know a simple, merry, tender knack
 Of tying sashes, fitting baby-shoes,
 And stringing pretty words that make no sense,

And kissing full sense into empty words,
 Which things are corals to cut life upon,
 Although such trifles: children learn by such,
 Love's holy earnest in a pretty play
 And get not over-early solemnized,
 But seeing, as in a rose-bush, Love's Divine
 Which burns and hurts not, — not a single bloom, —
 Become aware and unafraid of Love.
 Such good do mothers. Fathers love as well
 — Mine did, I know, — but still with heavier brains,
 And wills more consciously responsible,
 And not as wisely, since less foolishly;
 So mothers have God's license to be missed.

My father was an austere Englishman,
 Who, after a dry lifetime spent at home
 In college-learning, law, and parish talk,
 Was flooded with a passion unaware,
 His whole provisioned and complacent past
 Drowned out from him that moment. As he stood
 In Florence, where he had come to spend a month
 And note the secret of Da Vinci's drains,
 He musing somewhat absently perhaps
 Some English question . . . whether men should pay
 The unpopular but necessary tax
 With left or right hand — in the alien sun
 In that great square of the Santissima
 There drifted past him (scarcely marked enough
 To move his comfortable island scorn)
 A train of priestly banners, cross and psalm,
 The white-veiled rose-crowned maidens holding up
 Tall tapers, weighty for such wrists, aslant
 To the blue luminous tremor of the air,
 And letting drop the white wax as they went
 To eat the bishop's wafer at the church;
 From which long trail of chanting priests and girls,
 A face flashed like a cymbal on his face

And shook with silent clangour brain and heart,
 Transfiguring him to music. Thus, even thus,
 He too received his sacramental gift
 With eucharistic meanings; for he loved.

And thus beloved, she died. I've heard it said
 That but to see him in the first surprise
 Of widower and father, nursing me,
 Unmothered little child of four years old,
 His large man's hands afraid to touch my curls,
 As if the gold would tarnish, — his grave lips
 Contriving such a miserable smile
 As if he knew needs must, or I should die,
 And yet 't was hard, — would almost make the stones
 Cry out for pity. There's a verse he set
 In Santa Croce to her memory, —
 "Weep for an infant too young to weep much
 When death removed this mother" — stops the mirth
 To-day on women's faces when they walk
 With rosy children hanging on their gowns,
 Under the cloister to escape the sun
 That scorches in the piazza. After which
 He left our Florence and made haste to hide
 Himself, his prattling child, and silent grief,
 Among the mountains above Pelago;
 Because unmothered babes, he thought, had need
 Of mother nature more than others use,
 And Pan's white goats, with udders warm and full
 Of mystic contemplations, come to feed
 Poor milkless lips of orphans like his own —
 Such scholar-scrap he talked, I've heard from friend
 For even prosaic men who wear grief long
 Will get to wear it as a hat aside
 With a flower stuck in't. Father, then, and child,
 We lived among the mountains many years,
 God's silence on the outside of the house,
 And we who did not speak too loud within,

And old Assunta to make up the fire,
 Crossing herself whene'er a sudden flame
 Which lightened from the firewood, made alive
 That picture of my mother on the wall.

The painter drew it after she was dead,
 And when the face was finished, throat and hands,
 Her cameriera carried him, in hate
 Of the English-fashioned shroud, the last brocade
 She dressed in at the Pitti; "he should paint
 No sadder thing than that," she swore, "to wrong
 Her poor signora." Therefore very strange
 The effect was. I, a little child, would crouch
 For hours upon the floor with knees drawn up,
 And gaze across them, half in terror, half
 In adoration, at the picture there, —
 That swan-like supernatural white life
 Just sailing upward from the red stiff silk
 Which seemed to have no part in it nor power
 To keep it from quite breaking out of bounds.
 For hours I sat and stared. Assunta's awe
 And my poor father's melancholy eyes
 Still pointed that way. That way went my thoughts
 When wandering beyond sight. And as I grew
 In years, I mixed, confused, unconsciously,
 Whatever I last read or heard or dreamed,
 Abhorrent, admirable, beautiful,
 Pathetical, or ghastly, or grotesque,
 With still that face . . . which did not therefore change,
 But kept the mystic level of all forms,
 Hates, fears, and admirations, was by turns
 Ghost, fiend, and angel, fairy, witch, and sprite,
 A dauntless Muse who eyes a dreadful Fate,
 A loving Psyche who loses sight of Love,
 A still Medusa with mild milky brows
 All curdled and all clothed upon with snakes
 Whose slime falls fast as sweat will; or anon

Our Lady of the Passion, stabbed with swords
Where the Babe sucked; or Lamia in her first
Moonlighted pallor, ere she shrunk and blinked
And shuddering wriggled down to the unclean;
Or my own mother, leaving her last smile
In her last kiss upon the baby-mouth
My father pushed down on the bed for that, —
Or my dead mother, without smile or kiss,
Buried at Florence. All which images,
Concentred on the picture, glassed themselves
Before my meditative childhood, as
The incoherencies of change and death
Are represented fully, mixed and merged,
In the smooth fair mystery of perpetual Life.
And while I stared away my childish wits
Upon my mother's picture (ah, poor child!),
My father, who through love had suddenly
Thrown off the old conventions, broken loose
From chin-bands of the soul, like Lazarus,
Yet had no time to learn to talk and walk
Or grow anew familiar with the sun, —
Who had reached to freedom, not to action, lived,
But lived as one entranced, with thoughts, not aims, —
Whom love had unmade from a common man
But not completed to an uncommon man, —
My father taught me what he had learnt the best
Before he died and left me, — grief and love.
And, seeing we had books among the hills,
Strong words of counselling souls confederate
With vocal pines and waters, — out of books
He taught me all the ignorance of men,
And how God laughs in heaven when any man
Says "Here I'm learned; this, I understand;
In that, I am never caught at fault or doubt."
He sent the schools to school, demonstrating
A fool will pass for such through one mistake,
While a philosopher will pass for such,

h said mistakes being ventured in the gross
aped up to a system.

I am like,
 all me, my dear father. Broader brows
 t, upon a slenderer undergrowth
 ate features, — paler, near as grave;
 n my mother's smile breaks up the whole,
 kes it better sometimes than itself.
 e full years, our days were hid with God
 his mountains: I was just thirteen,
 owing like the plants from unseen roots
 ue-tied Springs, — and suddenly awoke
 life and life's needs and agonies
 n intense, strong, struggling heart beside
 -dead father. Life, struck sharp on death,
 awful lightning. His last word was "Love —"
 my child, love, love! „ — (then he had done with grief)
 my child." Ere I answered he was gone,
 ne was left to love in all the world.
 ended childhood.

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON.

(*b* 1809 — *d* 1892).

A FAREWELL.

Flow down, cold rivulet, to the sea,
 Thy tribute wave deliver:
 No more by thee my steps shall be,
 For ever and for ever.

Flow, softly flow, by lawn and lea,
 A rivulet then a river:
 No where by thee my steps shall be.
 For ever and for ever.

But here will sigh thine alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
And here by thee will hum the bee,
For ever and for ever.

A thousand suns will stream on thee
A thousand moons will quiver;
But not by thee my steps shall be,
For ever and for ever.

THE BUGLE SONG.

(FROM "THE PRINCESS; A MEDLEY.")

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, o hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS".

(FROM "THE PRINCESS; A MEDLEY.")

"Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to thy eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

"Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

"Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret:
O Death in Life, the days that are no more."

"HOME THEY BROUGHT HER WARRIOR DEAD."

(FROM "THE PRINCESS; A MEDLEY.")

Home they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swoon'd, nor utter'd cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
"She must weep or she will die."

Then they praised him, soft and low,
 Call'd him worthy to be loved,
 Truest friend and noblest foe;
 Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
 Lightly to the warrior stept,
 Took the face-cloth from the face;
 Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
 Set his child upon her knee —
 Like summer tempest came her tears —
 "Sweet my child, I live for thee."

FROM "THE PASSING OF ARTHUR."

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
 Among the mountains by the winter sea;
 Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
 Had fall'n in Lyonesse about their Lord,
 King Arthur. Then, because his wound was deep,
 The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
 Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
 And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
 A broken chancel with a broken cross,
 That stood on a dark strait of barren land.
 On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
 Lay a great water, and the moon was full.
 Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 "The sequel of to-day unsolders all
 The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
 Whereof this world holds records. Such a sleep
 They sleep — the men I loved. I think that we

Shall never more, at any future time,
 Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
 Walking about the gardens and the halls
 Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
 I perish by this people which I made, —
 Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
 To rule once more — but let what will be, be,
 I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
 That without help I cannot last till morn.
 Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,
 Which was my pride: for thou rememberest how
 In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
 Rose up from out the bosom of the lake,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 Holding the sword — and how I row'd across
 And took it, and have worn it, like a king:
 And, wheresoever I am sung or told
 In aftertime, this also shall be known:
 But now delay not: take Excalibur,
 And fling him far into the middle mere:
 Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus,
 Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
 A little thing may harm a wounded man
 Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
 Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
 And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
 Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
 Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
 Shril, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
 By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock,
 Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
 And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
 Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth

And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
 For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
 Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
 Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
 That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
 This way and that dividing the swift mind,
 In act to throw: but at the last it seem'd
 Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd
 There in the many-knotted waterflags,
 That whistled stiff and dray about the marge.
 So strode he back slow to the wounded king.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere:
 "Hast thou perform'd my mission which I gave?
 What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Bedivere:
 "I heard the ripple washing in the reeds,
 And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale:
 "Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,
 Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd
 Thy fēalty, nor like a noble knight:
 For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,
 Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.
 This is a shameful thing for men to lie.
 Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again
 As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing
 I bade thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time
 Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,
 Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;
 But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,
 How curiously and strangely chased, he smote
 His palms together, and he cried aloud:

"And if indeed I cast the brand away,
 Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,
 Should thus be lost for ever from the earth,
 Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.

What good should follow this, if this were done?
 What harm, undone? deep harm to disobey,
 Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand
 An act unprofitable, against himself?
 The King is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord
 Should be to aftertime, but empty breath
 And rumours of a doubt? but were this kept,
 Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,
 Some one might show it at a joust of arms,
 Saying, "King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,
 Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.
 Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps
 Upon the hidden bases of the hills."

So might some old man speak in the aftertime
 To all the people, winning reverence.
 But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit,
 And hid Excalibur the second time,
 And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily:
 "What is it thou hast seen? or what hast heard?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
 And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath:

"Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
 Unknightly, traitor-hearted! Woe is me!
 Authority forgets a dying king,
 Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
 That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
 For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
 In whom should meet the offices of all,
 Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
 Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
 Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.

Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
 And the third time may prosper, get thee hence:
 But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
 I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
 And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
 Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
 And strongly wheel'd and threw it. The great brand
 Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
 And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
 Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
 Seen where the moving isles of winter shock
 By night, with noises of the northern sea.
 So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur:
 But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
 And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath:
 "Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
 Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen?"

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "Sir King, I closed mine eyelids, lest the gems
 Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
 Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
 Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
 So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
 Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him;
 But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
 Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
 That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
 Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard:
 "My end draws nigh; 'tis time that I were gone.
 Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
 And bear me to the margin; yet I fear

My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, "Quick, quick!
I fear it is too late, and I shall die."

But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels —
And on a sudden, lo! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream — by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold — and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice, an agony
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,

Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, "Place me in the barge."
 And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
 Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
 But she, that rose the tallest of them all
 And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
 And loosed the shatter'd casque, and chafed his hands,
 And call'd him by his name, complaining loud,
 And dropping bitter tears against his brow
 Striped with dark blood: for all his face was white
 And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
 Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
 And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
 Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls —
 That made his forehead like a rising sun
 High from the dais-throne — were parch'd with dust
 Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
 Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips.
 So like a shatter'd column lay the King;
 Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,
 From spur to plume a star of tournament,
 Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
 Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere:
 "Ah! my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go?
 Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes?
 For now I see the true old times are dead,
 When every morning brought a noble chance,
 And every chance brought out a noble knight.
 Such times have been not since the light that led
 The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
 But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
 Which was an image of the mighty world;
 And I, the last, go forth companionless,
 And the days darken round me, and the years,
 Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge:

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
 And God fulfils himself in many ways,
 Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
 Comfort thyself; what comfort is in me?
 I have lived my life, and that which I have done
 May He within himself make pure! but thou,
 If thou shouldst never see my face again,
 Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
 Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
 Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
 For what are men better than sheep or goats
 That nourish a blind life within the brain,
 If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
 Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
 For so the whole round earth is every way
 Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
 But now farewell. I am going a long way
 With these thou seest — if indeed I go —
 (For all my mind is clouded with a doubt) —
 To the island-valley of Avilion;
 Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
 Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
 Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
 And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
 Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
 Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
 That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
 Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
 With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
 Revolving many memories, till the hull
 Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
 And on the mere the wailing died away.

ENOCH ARDEN.

Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
 And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
 Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
 In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher,
 A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
 And high in heaven behind it a gray down
 With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
 By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
 Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
 Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
 The prettiest little damsel in the port,
 And Philip Ray, the miller's only son,
 And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
 Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
 Among the waste and lumber of the shore,
 Hard coils of cordage, swarthy fishing-nets,
 Anchors of rusty fluke, and boats updrawn;
 And built their castles of dissolving sand
 To watch them overflow'd, or following up
 And flying the white breaker, daily left
 The little footprint daily wash'd away.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
 In this the children play'd at keeping house.
 Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
 While Annie still was mistress; but at times
 Enoch would hold possession for a week:
 "This is my house and this my little wife."
 "Mine too" said Philip "turn and turn about:"
 When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
 Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
 All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,

Shriek out "I hate you, Enoch," and at this
 The little wife would weep for company,
 And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
 And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past
 And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
 Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
 On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
 But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
 Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
 But she loved Enoch, tho' she knew it not,
 And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
 A purpose evermore before his eyes,
 To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
 To purchase his own boat, and make a home
 For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
 A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
 A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
 For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
 Than Enoch. Likewise had he served a year
 On board a merchantman, and made himself
 Full sailor; and he thrice had pluck'd a life
 From the dread sweep of the down-streaming seas:
 And all men look'd upon him favourably:
 And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
 He purchased his own boat, and made a home
 For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
 The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
 The younger people making holiday,
 With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
 Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
 (His father lying sick and needing him)
 An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began

To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
 Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
 His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
 All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
 That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
 And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
 Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
 And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
 Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
 There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
 Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
 Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
 And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
 Seven happy years of health and competence,
 And mutual love and honourable toil;
 With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
 With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
 To save all earnings to the uttermost,
 And give his child a better bringing-up
 Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
 When two years after came a boy to be
 The rosy idol of her solitudes,
 While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,
 Or often journeying landward; for in truth
 Enoch's white horse, and Enoch's ocean-spoil
 In ocean-smelling osier, and his face,
 Rough-redden'd with a thousand winter gales,
 Not only to the market-cross were known,
 But in the leafy lanes behind the down,
 Far as the portal-warding lion-whelp,
 And peacock-yewtree of the lonely Hall,
 Whose Friday fare was Enoch's ministering.

Then came a change, as all things human chan:
 Ten miles to northward of the narrow port

Open'd a larger haven: thither used
 Enoch at times to go by land or sea:
 And once when there, and clambering on a mast
 In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
 A limb was broken when they lifted him;
 And while he lay recovering there, his wife
 Bore him another son, a sickly one:
 Another hand crept too across his trade
 Taking her bread and theirs; and on him fell,
 Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
 Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
 He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
 To see his children leading evermore
 Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
 And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
 "Save them from this, whatever comes to me."
 And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
 Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,
 Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
 Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
 And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
 There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
 Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
 And Enoch all at once assented to it,
 Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now that shadow of mischance appear'd
 No graver than as when some little cloud
 Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
 And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife —
 When he was gone — the children — what to do?
 Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
 To sell the boat — and yet he loved her well —
 How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
 He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse —
 And yet to sell her — then with what she brought
 Buy goods and stores — set Annie forth in trade

With all that seamen needed or their wives —
 So might she keep the house while he was gone.
 Should he not trade himself out yonder? go
 This voyage more than once? yea twice or thrice —
 As oft as needed — last, returning rich,
 Become the master of a larger craft,
 With fuller profits lead an easier life,
 Have all his pretty young ones educated,
 And pass his days in peace among his own.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all;
 Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
 Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
 Forward she started with a happy cry,
 And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
 Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
 Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,
 But had no heart to break his purposes
 To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
 Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
 Yet not with brawling opposition she,
 But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
 Many a sad kiss by day by night renew'd
 (Sure that all evil would come out of it)
 Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
 For her or his dear children, not to go.
 He not for his own self caring but her,
 Her and her children, let her plead in vain:
 So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
 Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
 To fit their little streetward sitting-room
 With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
 So all day long till Enoch's last at home,

Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
 Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
 Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
 Till this was ended, and his careful hand, —
 The space was narrow, — having order'd all
 Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
 Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
 Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
 Ascending tired, heavily slept till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
 Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
 Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
 Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
 Bow'd himself down, and in that mystery
 Where God-in-man is one with man-in-God,
 Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
 Whatever came to him: and then he said
 "Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
 Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
 Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
 For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it."
 Then lightly rocking baby's cradle "and he,
 This pretty, puny, weakly little one, —
 Nay — for I love him all the better for it —
 God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
 And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
 And make him merry, when I come home again.
 Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go."

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
 And almost hoped herself; but when he turn'd
 The current of his talk to graver things
 In sailor fashion roughly sermonizing
 On providence and trust in Heaven, she heard,
 Heard and not heard him; as the village girl,
 Who sets her pitcher underneath the spring,

Musing on him that used to fill it for her,
Hears and not hears and lets it overflow.

At length she spoke "O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more."

"Well then," said Enoch, "I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears."

But when the last of those last moments came,
"Annie, my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
Is He not yonder in those uttermost
Parts of the morning? if I flee to these
Can I go from Him? and the sea is His,
The sea is His: He made it."

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, the sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
"Wake him not; let him sleep; how should the chi
Remember this?" and kiss'd him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;

Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
 She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
 Waving, the moment and the vessel past.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
 She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
 Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
 Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
 But throve not in her trade, not being bred
 To barter, nor compensating the want
 By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
 Nor asking overmuch and taking less,
 And still foreboding "what would Enoch say?"
 For more than once, in days of difficulty
 And pressure, had she sold her wares for less
 Than what she gave in buying what she sold:
 She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
 Expectant of that news which never came,
 Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
 And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
 Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
 With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
 Whether her business often call'd her from it,
 Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
 Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
 What most it needed — howsoe'er it was,
 After a lingering, — ere she was aware, —
 Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
 The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried it,
 Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
 (Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
 Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
 "Surely" said Philip "I may see her now,

Out of full heart and boundless gratitude
 Light on a broken word to thank him with.
 But Philip was her children's all-in-all;
 From distant corners of the street they ran
 To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
 Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
 Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
 Or pleasures, hung upon him, play'd with him
 And call'd him Father Philip. Philip gain'd
 As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem'd to them
 Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
 Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
 Down at the far end of an avenue,
 Going we know not where: and so ten years.
 Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
 Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie's children long'd
 To go with others, nutting to the wood,
 And Annie would go with them; then they begg'd
 For Father Philip (as they call'd him) too:
 Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
 Blanch'd with his mill, they found; and saying to him
 "Come with us Father Philip" he denied;
 But when the children pluck'd at him to go,
 He laugh'd, and yielded readily to their wish,
 For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
 Just where the prone edge of the wood began
 To feather toward the hollow, all her force
 Fail'd her; and sighing "let me rest" she said:
 So Philip rested with her well-content;
 While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
 Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
 Down thro' the whitening hazels made a plunge
 To the bottom, and dispersed, and bent or broke

The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
 Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
 And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
 Her presence, and remember'd one dark hour
 Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
 He crept into the shadow: at last he said
 Lifting his honest forehead "Listen, Annie,
 How merry they are down yonder in the wood."
 "Tired, Annie?" for she did not speak a word.
 "Tired?" but her face had fall'n upon her hands:
 At which, as with a kind of anger in him,
 "The ship was lost" he said "the ship was lost!
 No more of that! why should you kill yourself
 And make them orphans quite?" And Annie said
 "I thought not of it: but — I know not why —
 Their voices make me feel so solitary."

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
 "Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
 And it has been upon my mind so long,
 That tho' I know not when it first came there,
 I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
 It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
 That he who left you ten long years ago
 Should still be living; well then — let me speak:
 I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
 I cannot help you as I wish to do
 Unless — they say that women are so quick —
 Perhaps you know what I would have you know —
 I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
 A father to your children: I do think
 They love me as a father: I am sure
 That I love them as if they were mine own;
 And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
 That after all these sad uncertain years,

We might be still as happy as God grants
 To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
 For I am well-to-do — no kin, no care,
 No burthen, save my care for you and yours:
 And we have known each other all our lives,
 And I have loved you longer than you know."

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
 "You have been as God's good angel in our house.
 God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
 Philip, with something happier than myself.
 Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
 As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?"
 "I am content" he answer'd "to be loved
 A little after Enoch." "Oh" she cried
 Scared as it were "dear Philip, wait a while:
 If Enoch comes — but Enoch will not come —
 Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
 Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
 O wait a little!" Philip sadly said
 "Annie, as I have waited all my life
 I well may wait a little." "Nay" she cried
 "I am bound: you have my promise — in a year:
 Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?"
 And Philip answer'd "I will bide my year."

Here both were mute, till Philip glancing up
 Behold the dead flame of the fallen day
 Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
 Then fearing night and chill for Annie, rose,
 And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
 Up came the children laden with their spoil;
 Then all descended to the port, and there
 At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
 Saying gently "Annie, when I spoke to you,
 That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong
 I am always bound to you, but you are free."
 Then Annie weeping answer'd "I am bound."

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
 While yet she went about her household ways,
 Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
 That he had loved her longer than she knew,
 That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
 And there he stood once more before her face,
 Claiming her promise. "Is it a year?" she ask'd.
 "Yes, if the nuts" he said "be ripe again:
 Come out and see." But she — she put him off —
 So much to look to — such a change — a month —
 Give her a month — she knew that she was bound —
 A month — no more. Then Philip with his eyes
 Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
 Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
 "Take your own time, Annie, take your own time."
 And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
 And yet she held him on delayingly
 With many a scarce-believable excuse,
 Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
 Till half-another year had slipt away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
 Abhorrent of a calculation crost,
 Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
 Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
 Some that she but held off to draw him on:
 And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
 As simple folk that knew not their own minds;
 And one, in whom all evil fancies clung
 Like serpent eggs together, laughingly
 Would hint at worse in either. Her own son
 Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
 But evermore the daughter prest upon her
 To wed the man so dear to all of them
 And lift the household out of poverty;
 And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
 Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her

Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign "my Enoch is he gone?"
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
"Under a palm-tree." That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the Book and slept:
When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palm-tree, over him the Sun:
"He is gone" she thought "he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
'Hosanna in the highest!'" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for him and said wildly to him
"There is no reason why we should not wed."
"Then for God's sake," he answer'd, "both our sake
So you will wed me, let it be at once."

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper on her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew;
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child: but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,

Then the new mother came about her heart,
 Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
 And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
 The ship "Good Fortune," tho' at setting forth
 The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
 And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
 She slipt across the summer of the world,
 Then after a long tumble about the Cape
 And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
 She passing thro' the summer world again,
 The breath of heaven came continually
 And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
 Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
 Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
 A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
 Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
 Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
 Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
 Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
 Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
 Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
 Till hard upon the cry of "breakers" came
 The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
 But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
 Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
 These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
 Rich, but the loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
 Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
 Nor save for pity was it hard to take

Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
 Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
 (She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
 Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
 Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
 For since the mate had seen at early dawn
 Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
 The silent water slipping from the hills,
 They sent a crew that landing burst away
 In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shore
 With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
 Sought the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
 Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
 Muttering and mumbling, idiotlike it seem'd,
 With inarticulate rage, and making signs
 They knew not what: and yet he led the way
 To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
 And ever as he mingled with the crew,
 And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
 Was loosen'd, till he made them understand;
 Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took
 And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
 Scarce credited at first but more and more,
 Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it;
 And clothes they gave him and food and drink;
 But oft he work'd away at his old task,
 His isolation from the world and men
 Came from his own strange nature,
 If question'd he would not be free'd
 And dull he was of wit and sense,
 The view of the sea and the hills
 His food and his drink,
 Return'd he to his work,
 He would not be free'd
 In his own mind

Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
 Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
 Then moving up the coast they landed him,
 Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
 But homeward — home — what home? had he a home?
 His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
 Sunny but chill: till drawn thro' either chasm,
 Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
 Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
 Cut off the length of highway on before,
 And left but narrow breadth to left and right
 Of wither'd holt or tilth or pasturage.
 On the nigh-naked tree the robin piped
 Disconsolate, and thro' the dripping haze
 The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down:
 Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
 Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
 Flared on him, and he came upon the place.

Then down the long street having slowly stolen,
 His heart foreshadowing all calamity,
 His eyes upon the stones, he reach'd the home
 Where Annie lived and loved him, and his babes
 In those far-off seven happy years were born;
 But finding neither light nor murmur there
 (A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
 Still downward thinking "dead or dead to me!"

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
 Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
 A front of timber-crost antiquity,
 So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
 He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
 Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
 With daily-dwindling profits held the house;

A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
 Stiller, with yet a bed for wandering men.
 There Enoch rested silent many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
 Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
 Told him, with other annals of the port,
 Not knowing — Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
 So broken — all the story of his house.
 His baby's death, her growing poverty,
 How Philip put her little ones to school,
 And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
 Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
 Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
 No shadow past, nor motion: anyone,
 Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
 Less than the teller: only when she closed
 "Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost"
 He, shaking his gray head pathetically,
 Repeated muttering "cast away and lost;"
 Again in deeper inward whispers "lost!"

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
 "If I might look on her sweet face again
 And know that she is happy." So the thought
 Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
 At evening when the dull November day
 Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
 There he sat down gazing on all below,
 There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
 Unspeakable for sadness. By and by
 The ruddy square of comfortable light,
 Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
 Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
 The bird of passage, till he madly strikes
 Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
 The latest house to landward; but behind,
 With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
 Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
 And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
 A yewtree, and all round it ran a walk
 Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
 But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
 Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
 That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
 Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
 Sparkled and shone: so genial was the hearth:
 And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
 Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
 Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees:
 And o'er her second father stoopt a girl,
 A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
 Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
 Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
 To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
 Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
 And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
 The mother glancing often toward her babe,
 But turning now and then to speak with him,
 Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
 And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

Now when the dead man come to life beheld
 His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
 Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
 And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
 And his own children tall and beautiful,
 And him, that other, reigning in his place,
 Lord of his rights and of his children's love —
 Then he tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,

Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
 Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
 To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
 Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
 Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
 Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
 And feeling all along the garden-wall,
 Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
 Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
 As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
 Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
 Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
 His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

"Too hard to bear! why did they take me thence?
 O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
 That did'st uphold me on my lonely isle,
 Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
 A little longer! aid me, give me strength
 Not to tell her, never to let her know.
 Help me not to break in upon her peace.
 My children too! must I not speak to these?
 They know me not. I should betray myself.
 Never: no father's kiss for me — the girl
 So like her mother, and the boy, my son."

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
 And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
 Back toward his solitary home again,
 All down the long and narrow street he went
 Beating it in upon his weary brain,
 As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
 "Not to tell her, never to let her know."

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
 Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
 Prayer from a living source within the will,
 And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
 Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
 Kept him a living soul. "This miller's wife"
 He said to Miriam "that you told me of,
 Has she no fear that her first husband lives?"
 "Ay, ay, pour soul" said Miriam, "fear enow!
 If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
 Why, that would be her comfort;" and he thought
 "After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,
 I wait His time," and Enoch set himself,
 Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
 Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
 Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
 To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
 At lading and unlading the tall barks,
 That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
 Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
 Yet since he did but labour for himself,
 Work without hope, there was not life in it
 Whereby the man could live: and as the year
 Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
 When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
 Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
 Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
 But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
 And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
 For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
 See thro' the gray skirts of a lifting squall
 The boat that bears the hope of life approach
 To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
 Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
 On Enoch thinking "after I am gone,

Then may she learn I loved her to the last."
 He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
 "Woman, I have a secret — only swear,
 Before I tell you — swear upon the book
 Not to reveal it, till you see me dead."
 "Dead," clamour'd the good woman "hear him talk!
 I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round."
 "Swear" added Enoch sternly "on the book."
 And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
 Then Enoch rolling his gray eyes upon her,
 "Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?"
 "Know him?" she said "I knew him far away.
 Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
 Held his head high, and cared for no man, he."
 Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;
 "His head is low, and no man cares for him.
 I think I have not three days more to live;
 I am the man." At which the woman gave
 A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
 "You Arden, you! nay, — sure he was a foot
 Higher than you be." Enoch said again
 "My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
 My grief and solitude have broken me;
 Nevertheless, know you that I am he
 Who married — but that name has twice been changed —
 I married her who married Philip Ray.
 Sit, listen." Then he told her of his voyage,
 His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
 His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
 And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
 Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
 While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
 To rush abroad all round the little haven,
 Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
 But awed and promise-bounden she forbore,
 Saying only "See your bairns before you go!
 Eh, let met fetch 'em, Arden," and arose

Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied:

“Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us any thing but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,
And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he.”

He ceased: and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,

While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
 And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
 There came so loud a calling of the sea,
 That all the houses in the haven rang.
 He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
 Crying with a loud voice "a sail! a sail!
 I am saved;" and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
 And when they buried him the little port
 Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

CROSSING THE BAR.

Sunset and evening star,
 And one clear call for me!
 And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
 When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark!
 And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark;

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

ROBERT BROWNING.

(b 1812 — d 1889).

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP.

I.

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away,
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storming-day;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

II.

Just as perhaps he mused "My plans
 "That soar, to earth may fall,
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 "Waver at yonder wall," —
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

III.

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy:
 You hardly could suspect —
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came through)
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

IV.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
 "We've got you Ratisbon!
 "The Marshal's in the market-place,
 "And you'll be there anon
 "To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 "Where I, to heart's desire,
 "Perched him!" The chief's eye flashed; his pla
 Soared up again like fire.

V.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother-eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes;
 "You're wounded!" "Nay," the soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said:
 "I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside
 Smiling the boy fell dead.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

I.

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city;
 The river Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

II.

Rats!

They fought the dogs and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cooks' own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking:
 "Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
 "And as for our Corporation — shocking
 "To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 "For dolts that can't or won't determine
 "What's best to rid us of our vermin!
 "You hope, because you're old and obese,
 "To find in the furry civic robe ease?
 "Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
 "To find the remedy we 're lacking,
 "Or, sure as fate, we 'll send you packing!"
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in council,
 At length the Mayor broke silence:
 "For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell,
 "I wish I were a mile hence!
 "It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —

"I'm sure my poor head aches again,
 "I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
 "Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous)
 "Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
 "Anything like the sound of a rat
 "Makes my heart go pit-a-pat!"

V.

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger
 And in did come the strangest figure!
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red,
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
 And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in;
 There was no guessing his kith and kin:
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire.
 Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
 "Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 "Had walked this way from his painted tombstone!"

VI.

He advanced to the council-table.
 And, "Please your honours," said he, "I'm able,

"By means of a secret charm, to draw
 "All creatures living beneath the sun,
 "That creep or swim or fly or run,
 "After me so as you never saw!
 "And I chiefly use my charm
 "On creatures that do people harm,
 "The mole and toad and newt and viper;
 "And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck
 A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same cheque;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 "Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 "Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
 "I eased in Asia the Nizam
 "Of a monstrous brood of vampyre-bats:
 "And as for what your brain bewilders,
 "If I can rid your town of rats
 "Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
 "One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
 Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;

And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling.
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,

Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,

Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
 Followed the Piper for their lives.

From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing,
 Until they came to the river Weser,

Wherein all plunged and perished!

— Save one who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
 Swam across and lived to carry

(As he, the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary:
 Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,

"I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,

"And putting apples, wondrous ripe,

"Into a cider-press's gripe:

"And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,

"And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,

"And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,

"And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks:

"And it seemed as if a voice

"(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery

"Is breathed) called out, 'Oh rats, rejoice!

" 'The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!

" 'So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,

" 'Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!'

"And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,

"All ready staved, like a great sun shone

"Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 "Just as methought it said, 'Come, bore me!'
 "— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
 "Go, " cried the Mayor, "and get long poles,
 "Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
 Consult with carpenters and builders,
 "And leave in our town not even a trace
 "Of the rats!" — when suddenly, up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havoc
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
 "Beside," quoth the Mayor with knowing wink,
 "Our business was done at the river's brink;
 "We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 "And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 "So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 "From the duty of giving you something for drink,
 "And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 "But as for the guilders, what we spoke
 "Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 "Beside, our losses have made us thrifty.
 "A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried:
 "No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
 "I've promised to visit by dinnertime
 "Bagdat, and accept the prime
 "Of the Head-Cook's pottage, all he 's rich in,
 "For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 "Of a nest of scorpions no survivor:
 "With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 "With you, don't think I 'll bate a stiver!
 "And folks who put me in a passion
 "May find me pipe after another fashion."

XI.

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I brook
 "Being worse treated than a Cook?
 "Insulted by a lazy ribald
 "With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 "You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 "Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

XII.

Once more he stept into the street
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling,
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping and little tongues chattering,
 And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scatteri
 Out came the children running.

All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry
 To the children merrily skipping by,
 — Could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
 However he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 "He never can cross that mighty top!
 "He's forced to let the piping drop,
 "And we shall see our children stop!"
 When, lo, as they reached the mountain-side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
 And when all were in to the very last,
 The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
 Did I say, all? No! One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say, —
 "It's dull in our town since my playmates left!

"I can't forget that I 'm bereft
 "Of all the pleasant sights they see,
 "Which the Piper also promised me.
 "For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
 "Joining the town and just at hand,
 "Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew
 "And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
 "And everything was strange and new;
 "The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
 "And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
 "And honey-bees had lost their stings,
 "And horses were born with eagles' wings:
 "And just as I became assured
 "My lame foot would be speedily cured,
 "The music stopped and I stood still,
 "And found myself outside the hill,
 "Left alone against my will.
 "To go now limping as before,
 "And never hear of that country more!"

PROSPICE.

Fear death? — to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go:
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained
 The reward of it all.

was ever a fighter, so — one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 O! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
 The heroes of old,
 bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold.
 Or sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 and the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 all change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

(b 1822 — d 1888).

TO MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Suffer that — as thou takest boat to cross
 Grim Charon's tide, on voyage, heavy loss
 To England — but to thee gain manifold —
 I pluck thee by the shroud, and press thy cold
 Forgetful hand; to lay this obolus
 Into its honoured palm! Ah! think on us
 In thy new walks upon the Asphodel:
 Nor quite forsake the sad sphere where we dwell,
 Fighting thy battle, lending our small stress
 To "stream which maketh unto Righteousness!"
 Now, that thou better knowest friends and foes,
 Good Friend! dear Rival! bear no grudge to those
 Who had not time, in Life's hard fight, to show

How well they liked thee for thy "slashing blow;"
 How "sweet" thy "reasonableness" seemed; how right
 Thy lofty pleading for the long-dimmed "light!"

Thou, that didst bear my Name, and deck it so
 That — coming thus behind — hardly I know
 If I shall hold it worthily, and be
 Meet to be mentioned in one Age with thee —
 Take, Brother! to the Land where no strifes are,
 This praise thou wilt not need! Before the Star
 Is kindled for thee let my funeral torch
 Light thee, great Namesake! to th' Elysian Porch!
 Dead Poet! let a poet of thy House
 Lay unproved, these bay-leaves on thy brows!
 We that seemed only friends, were lovers: Now
 Death knows it! and Love knows! and I! and Thou!

"FROM EDWIN ARNOLD."

SHAKESPEARE.

Others abide our question. Thou art free.
 We ask and ask — Thou smilest and art still,
 Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,
 Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base
 To the foil'd searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
 Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
 Didst tread on earth unguess'd at. — Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

THE CHURCH OF BROU.

I.

THE CASTLE.

Down the Savoy valleys sounding,
 Echoing round this castle old,
 'Mid the distant mountain-chalets
 Hark! what bell for church is toll'd?

In the bright October morning
 Savoy's Duke had left his bride.
 From the castle, past the drawbridge,
 Flow'd the hunters' merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering;
 Gay, her smiling lord to greet,
 From her mullion'd chamber-casement
 Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna, by the Danube,
 Here she came, a bride, in spring.
 Now the autumn crisps the forest;
 Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing,
 Horses fret, and boar-spears glance.
 Off! — They sweep the marshy forests;
 Westward, on the side of France.

Hark! the game's on foot; they scatter! —
 Down the forest-ridings lone,
 Furious, single horsemen gallop —
 Hark! a shout — a crash — a groan!

Pale and breathless, came the hunters;
 On the turf dead lies the boar—
 God! the Duke lies stretch'd beside him,
 Senseless, weltering in his gore.

* * * *

In the dull October evening,
 Down the leaf strewn forest-road,
 To the castle, past the drawbridge,
 Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,
 Ladies waiting round her seat,
 Clothed in smiles, beneath the daïs
 Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring!
 Tramp of men and quick commands!
 “— 'Tis my lord come back from hunting —”
 And the Duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired, came the hunters —
 Stopp'd in darkness in the court.
 “— Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!
 To the hall! What sport? What sport?” —

Slow they enter'd with their master;
 In the hall they laid him down.
 On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,
 On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband
 Lay before his youthful wife,
 Bloody, 'neath the flaring sconces —
 And the sight froze all her life.

* * * *

In Vienna, by the Danube,
 Kings hold revel, gallants meet.
 Gay of old amid the gayest
 Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna, by the Danube,
 Feast and dance her youth beguiled.
 Till that hour she never sorrow'd;
 But from then she never smiled.

'Mid the Savoy mountain valleys
 Far from town or haunt of man,
 Stands a lonely church, unfinish'd,
 Which the Duchess Maud began;

Old, that Duchess stern began it,
 In grey age, with palsied hands;
 But she died while it was building,
 And the Church unfinish'd stands —

Stands as erst the builders left it,
 When she sank into her grave;
 Mountain greensward paves the chancel,
 Harebells flower in the nave.

“— In my castle all is sorrow,”
 Said the Duchess Marguerite then;
 “Guide me, some one, to the mountain!
 We will build the Church again.” —

Sandall'd palmers, faring homeward,
 Austrian knights from Syria came.
 "— Austrian wanderers bring, O warders!
 Homage to your Austrian dame." —

From the gate the warders answer'd:
 "— Gone, O knights, is she you knew!
 Dead our Duke, and gone his Duchess;
 Seek her at the Church of Brou!" —

Austrian knights and march-worn palmers
 Climb the winding mountain-way —
 Reach the valley, where the Fabric
 Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing;
 On the work the bright sun shines,
 In the Savoy mountain-meadows,
 By the stream, below the pines.

On her palfrey white the Duchess
 Sate and watch'd her working train —
 Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,
 German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black, on her white palfrey,
 Her old architect beside —
 There they found her in the mountain,
 Morn and noon and eventide.

There she sate, and watch'd the builders,
 Till the Church was roof'd and done.
 Last of all, the builders rear'd her
 In the nave a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two forms they sculptured,
 Lifelike in the marble pale —

One, the Duke in helm and armour;
 One, the Duchess in her veil.

Round the tomb the carved stone fret-work
 Was at Easter-tide put on.
 Then the Duchess closed her labours;
 And she died at the St. John.

II.

THE CHURCH.

Upon the glistening leaden roof
 Of the new Pile, the sunlight shines;
 The stream goes leaping by.
 The hills are clothed with pines sun-proof;
 'Mid bright green fields, below the pines,
 Stands the Church on high.
 What Church is this, from men aloof? —
 'Tis the Church of Brou.

At sunrise, from their dewy lair
 Crossing the stream, the kine are seen
 Round the wall to stray —
 The churchyard wall that clips the square
 Of open hill-sward fresh and green
 Where last year they lay.
 But all things now are order'd fair
 Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, at the matin-chime,
 The Alpine peasants, two and three,
 Climb up here to pray;
 Burghers and dames, at summer's prime,
 Ride out to church from Chambery,
 Dight with mantles gay.

But else it is a lonely time
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, too, a priest doth come
From the wall'd town beyond the pass,
 Down the mountain-way;
And then you hear the organ's hum,
You hear the white-robed priest say mass,
 And the people pray.
But else the woods and fields are dumb
Round the Church of Brou.

And after church, when mass is done,
The people to the nave repair
 Round the tomb to stray;
And marvel at the Forms of stone,
And praise the chisell'd broideries rare —
 Then they drop away.
The princely Pair are left alone
In the Church of Brou.

III.

THE TOMB.

So rest, for ever rest, O princely Pair!
In your high church, 'mid the still mountain-air,
Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come.
Only the blessed Saints are smiling dumb,
From the rich painted windows of the nave,
On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave;
Where thou, young Prince! shalt never more arise
From the fringed mattress where thy Duchess lies,
On autumn-mornings, when the bugle sounds,
And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds
To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve;

And thou, O Princess! shalt no more receive,
 Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,
 The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,
 Coming benighted to the castle-gate.

So sleep, for ever sleep, O marble Pair!
 Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair
 On the carved western front a flood of light
 Streams from the setting sun, and colours bright
 Prophets, transfigured Saints, and Martyrs brave,
 In the vast western window of the nave;
 And on the pavement round the Tomb there glints
 A chequer-work of glowing sapphire-tints,
 And amethyst, and ruby — then uncloset
 Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,
 And from your broider'd pillows lift your heads,
 And rise upon your cold white marble beds;
 And, looking down on the warm rosy tints,
 Which chequer, at your feet, the illumined flints,
 Say: *What is this? we are in bliss — forgiven —*
Behold the pavement of the courts of Heaven!
 Or let it be on autumn nights, when rain
 Doth rustlingly above your heads complain
 On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls
 Shedding her pensive light at intervals
 The moon through the clere-story windows shines,
 And the wind washes through the mountain-pines.
 Then, gazing up 'mid the dim pillars high,
 The foliated marble forest where ye lie,
Hush, ye will say, it is eternity!
This is the glimmering verge of Heaven, and these
The columns of the heavenly palaces!
 And, in the sweeping of the wind, your ear
 The passage of the Angels' wings will hear,
 And on the lichen-crust'd leads above
 The rustle of the eternal rain of love.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

(b 1828 — d 1882).

THE WHITE SHIP.

HENRY I. OF ENGLAND.—25TH NOV., 1120.

By none but me can the tale be told,
 The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)
 'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
 Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(The sea hath no King but God alone.)

King Henry held it as life's whole gain
 That after his death his son should reign.

'Twas so in my youth I heard men say,
 And my old age calls it back to-day.

King Henry of England's realm was he,
 And Henry Duke of Normandy.

The times had changed when on either coast
 "Clerkly Harry" was all his boast.

Of ruthless strokes full many an one
 He had struck to crown himself and his son;
 And his elder brother's eyes were gone.

And when to the chase his court would crowd,
 The poor flung ploughshares on his road,
 And shrieked: "Our cry is from King to God!"

But all the chiefs of the English land
 Had knelt and kissed the Prince's hand.

And next with his son he sailed to France
 To claim the Norman allegiance:

And every baron in Normandy
Had taken the oath of fealty.

'Twas sworn and sealed, and the day had come
When the King and the Prince might journey home:

For Christmas cheer is to home hearts dear,
And Christmas now was drawing near.

Stout Fitz-Stephen came to the King, —
A pilot famous in seafaring;

And he held to the King, in all men's sight,
A mark of gold for his tribute's right.

"Liege Lord! my father guided the ship
From whose boat your father's foot did slip
When he caught the English soil in his grip,

"And cried: 'By this clasp I claim command
O'er every rood of English land!"

"He was borne to the realm you rule o'er now
In that ship with the archer carved at her prow:

"And thither I'll bear, an' it be my due,
Your father's son and his grandson too.

"The famed White Ship is mine in the bay;
From Harfleur's harbour she sails to-day,

"With masts fair-pennoned as Norman spears
And with fifty well-tried mariners."

Quoth the King: "My ships are chosen each one,
But I'll not say nay to Stephen's son.

"My son and daughter and fellowship
Shall cross the water in the White Ship."

The King set sail with the eve's south wind,
And soon he left that coast behind.

The Prince and all his, a princely show,
Remained in the good White Ship to go.

With noble knights and with ladies fair,
With courtiers and sailors gathered there,
Three hundred living souls we were:

And I Berold was the meanest hind
In all that train to the Prince assign'd.

The Prince was a lawless shameless youth;
From his father's loins he sprang without ruth:

Eighteen years till then he had seen,
And the devil's dues in him were eighteen.

And now he cried: "Bring wine from below;
Let the sailors revel ere yet they row:

"Our speed shall o'ertake my father's flight
Though we sail from the harbour at midnight."

The rowers made good cheer without check;
The lords and ladies obeyed his beck;
The night was light, and they danced on the deck.

But at midnight's stroke they cleared the bay,
And the White Ship furrowed the water-way.

The sails were set, and the oars kept tune
To the double flight of the ship and the moon:

Swifter and swifter the White Ship sped
Till she flew as the spirit flies from the dead:

As white as a lily glimmered she
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

And the Prince cried, "Friends, 'tis the hour to sing!
Is a songbird's course so swift on the wing?"

And under the winter stars' still throng,
From brown throats, white throats, merry and strong,
The knights and the ladies raised a song.

A song, — nay, a shriek that rent the sky,
That leaped o'er the deep! — the grievous cry
Of three hundred living that now must die.

An instant shriek that sprang to the shock
As the ship's keel felt the sunken rock.

'Tis said that afar — a shrill strange sigh —
The King's ships heard it and knew not why.

Pale Fitz-Stephen stood by the helm
'Mid all those folk that the waves must overwhelm.

A great King's heir for the waves to whelm,
And the helpless pilot pale at the helm!

The ship was eager and sucked athirst,
By the stealthy stab of the sharp reef pierc'd:

And like the moil round a sinking cup,
The waters against her crowded up.

A moment the pilot's senses spin, —
The next he snatched the Prince 'mid the din,
Cut the boat loose, and the youth leaped in.

A few friends leaped with him, standing near.
"Row! the sea's smooth and the night is clear!"

"What! none to be saved but these and I!"
"Row, row as you'd live! All here must die!"

Out of the churn of the choking ship,
Which the gulf grapples and the waves strip,
They struck with the strained oars' flash and dip.

'Twas then o'er the splitting bulwarks' brim
The Prince's sister screamed to him.

He gazed aloft, still rowing apace,
And through the whirled surf he knew her face.

To the toppling decks clave one and all
As a fly cleaves to a chamber-wall.

I Berold was clinging anear;
I prayed for myself and quaked with fear,
But I saw his eyes as he looked at her.

He knew her face and he heard her cry,
And he said, "Put back! she must not die!"

And back with the current's force they reel
Like a leaf that's drawn to a water-wheel.

'Neath the ship's travail they scarce might float,
But he rose and stood in the rocking boat.

Low the poor ship leaned on the tide:
O'er the naked keel as she best might slide,
The sister toiled to the brother's side.

He reached an oar to her from below,
And stiffened his arms to clutch her so.

But now from the ship some spied the boat,
And "Saved!" was the cry from many a throat.

And down to the boat they leaped and fell:
It turned as a bucket turns in a well,
And nothing was there but the surge and swell.

The Prince that was and the King to come,
There in an instant gone to his doom,

Despite of all England's bended knee
And maugre the Norman fealty!

He was a Prince of lust and pride;
He showed no grace till the hour he died.

When he should be King, he oft would vow,
He'd yoke the peasant to his own plough.
O'er him the ships score their furrows now.

God only knows where his soul did wake,
But I saw him die for his sister's sake.

By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.

(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)

'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.

(The sea hath no King but God alone.)

And now the end came o'er the waters' womb
Like the last great Day that's yet to come.

With prayers in vain and curses in vain,
The White Ship sundered on the mid-main:

And what were men and what was a ship
Were toys and splinters in the sea's grip.

I Berold was down in the sea;
And passing strange though the thing may be,
Of dreams then known I remember me.

Blithe is the shout on Harfleur's strand
When morning lights the sails to land:

And blithe is Honfleur's echoing gloam
When mothers call the children home:

And high do the bells of Rouen beat
When the Body of Christ goes down the street.

These things and the like were heard and shown
In a moment's trance 'neath the sea alone;

And when I rose, 'twas the sea did seem,
And not these things, to be all a dream.

The ship was gone and the crowd was gone,
And the deed shuddered and the moon shone:

And in a strait grasp my arms did span
The mainyard rent from the mast where it ran;
And on it with me was another man.

Where lands were none 'neath the dim sea-sky,
We told our names, that man and I.

"O I am Godefroy de l'Aigle hight,
And son I am to a belted knight."

"And I am Berold the butcher's son
Who slays the beasts in Rouen town."

Then cried we upon God's name, as we
Did drift on the bitter winter sea.

But lo! a third man rose o'er the wave,
And we said, "Thank God! us three may He save!"

He clutched to the yard with panting stare,
And we looked and knew Fitz-Stephen there.

He clung, and "What of the Prince?" quoth he.
"Lost, lost!" we cried. He cried, "Woe on me!"
And loosed his hold and sank through the sea.

And soul with soul again in that space
 We two were together face to face:

And each knew each, as the moments sped,
 Less for one living than for one dead:

And every still star overhead
 Seemed an eye that knew we were but dead.

And the hours passed; till the noble's son
 Sighed, "God be thy help! my strength's foredone!

"O farewell, friend, for I can no more!"
 "Christ take thee!" I moaned; and his life was o'er.

Three hundred souls were all lost but one,
 And I drifted over the sea alone.

At last the morning rose on the sea
 Like an angel's wing that beat tow'rds me.

Sore numbed I was in my sheepskin coat;
 Half dead I hung, and might nothing note,
 Till I woke sun-warmed in a fisher-boat.

The sun was high o'er the eastern brim
 As I praised God and gave thanks to Him.

That day I told my tale to a priest,
 Who charged me, till the shrift were releas'd,
 That I should keep it in mine own breast.

And with the priest I thence did fare
 To King Henry's court at Winchester.

We spoke with the King's high chamberlain,
 And he wept and mourned again and again,
 As if his own son had been slain:

And round us ever there crowded fast
Great men with faces all aghast:

And who so bold that might tell the thing
Which now they knew to their lord the King?
Much woe I learnt in their communing.

The king had watched with a heart sore stirred
For two whole days, and this was the third:

And still to all his court would he say,
"What keeps my son so long away?"

And they said: "The ports lie far and wide
That skirt the swell of the English tide;

"And England's cliffs are not more white
Than her women are, and scarce so light
Her skies as their eyes are blue and bright;

"And in some port that he reached from France
The Prince has lingered for his pleasure."

But once the King asked: "What distant cry
Was that we heard 'twixt the sea and sky?"

And one said: "With suchlike shouts, pardie!
Do the fishers fling their nets at sea."

And one: "Who knows not the shrieking quest
When the sea-mew misses its young from the nest

'Twas thus till now they had soothed his dread,
Albeit they knew not what they said:

But who should speak to-day of the thing
That all knew there except the King?

Then pondering much they found a way,
And met round the King's high seat that day:

And the King sat with a heart sore stirred,
And seldom he spoke and seldom heard.

'Twas then through the hall the King was 'ware
Of a little boy with golden hair,

As bright as the golden poppy is
That the beach breeds for the surf to kiss:

Yet pale his cheek as the thorn in Spring,
And his garb black like the raven's wing.

Nothing heard but his foot through the hall,
For now the lords were silent all.

And the King wondered, and said, "Alack!
Who sends me a fair boy dressed in black?"

"Why, sweet heart, do you pace through the hall
As though my court were a funeral?"

Then lowly knelt the child at the dais,
And looked up weeping in the King's face.

"O wherefore black, O King, ye may say,
For white is the hue of death to-day.

"Your son and all his fellowship
Lie low in the sea with the White Ship."

King Henry fell as a man struck dead;
And speechless still he stared from his bed
When to him next day my rede I read.

There's many an hour must needs beguile
A King's high heart that he should smile, —

Full many a lordly hour, full fain
Of his realm's rule and pride of his reign: —

But this King never smiled again.
By none but me can the tale be told,
The butcher of Rouen, poor Berold.
(Lands are swayed by a King on a throne.)
'Twas a royal train put forth to sea,
Yet the tale can be told by none but me.
(The sea hath no King but God alone.)

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI.

(b 1830).

SONNET.

Sonnets are full of love, and this my tome
Has many sonnets: so here now shall be
One sonnet more, a love sonnet, from me
To her whose heart is my heart's quiet home,
To my first Love, my Mother, on whose knee
I learnt love-lore that is not troublesome;
Whose service is my special dignity,
And she my loadstar while I go and come.
And so because you love me, and because
I love you, Mother, I have woven a wreath
Of rhymes wherewith to crown your honoured name:
In you not fourscore years can dim the flame
Of love, whose blessed glow transcends the laws
Of time and change and mortal life and death.

A CHILL.

What can lambkins do
 All the keen night through?
 Nestle by their woolly mother
 The careful ewe.

What can nestlings do
 In the nightly dew?
 Sleep beneath their mother's wing
 Till day breaks anew.

If in field or tree
 There might only be
 Such a warm soft sleeping-place
 Found for me!

REMEMBER.

SONNET.

Remember me when I am gone away,
 Gone far away into the silent land;
 When you can no more hold me by the hand,
 Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
 Remember me when no more day by day
 You tell me of our future that you planned:
 Only remember me; you understand
 It will be late to counsel then or pray.
 Yet if you should forget me for a while
 And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
 For if the darkness and corruption leave
 A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
 Better by far you should forget and smile
 Than that you should remember and be sad.

UP-HILL.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek?

Yea, beds for all who come.

 THE LOWEST PLACE.

Give me the lowest place: not that I dare

Ask for that lowest place, but Thou hast died

That I might live and share

Thy glory by Thy side.

Give me the lowest place: or if for me

That lowest place too high, make one more low

Where I may sit and see

My God and love Thee so.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

(b 1834.)

THE WRITING ON THE IMAGE.

ARGUMENT.

ow on an image that stood anciently in Rome were written certain words, which none understood, until a Scholar, coming there, knew their meaning, and thereby discovered great marvels, but withal died miserably.

In half-forgotten days of old,
 As by our fathers we were told,
 Within the town of Rome there stood
 An image cut of cornel wood,
 And on the upraised hand of it
 Men might behold these letters writ —
 "Percute hic:" which is to say,
 In that tongue that we speak to-day,
 "*Strike here!*" nor yet did any know
 The cause why this was written so.

Thus in the middle of the square,
 In the hot sun and summer air,
 The snow-drift and the driving rain,
 That image stood, with little pain,
 For twice a hundred years and ten:
 While many a band of striving men
 Were driven betwixt woe and mirth
 Swiftly across the weary earth,
 From nothing unto dark nothing:
 And many an emperor and king,
 Passing with glory or with shame,
 Left little record of his name,
 And no remembrance of the face
 Once watched with awe for gifts or grace,

Fear little, then, I counsel you,
 What any son of man can do;
 Because a log of wood will last
 While many a life of man goes past,
 And all is over in short space.

Now so it chanced that to this place
 There came a man of Sicily,
 Who when the image he did see,
 Knew full well who, in days of yore,
 Had set it there; for much strange lore,
 In Egypt and in Babylon,
 This man with painful toil had won;
 And many secret things could do;
 So verily full well he knew
 That master of all sorcery
 Who wrought the thing in days gone by =
 And doubted not that some great spell
 It guarded, but could nowise tell
 What it might be. So, day by day,
 Still would he loiter on the way,
 And watch the image carefully,
 Well mocked of many a passer-by.

And on a day he stood and gazed
 Upon the slender finger, raised
 Against a doubtful cloudy sky,
 Nigh noontide; and thought, "Certainly
 The master who made thee so fair
 By wondrous art, had not stopped there,
 But made thee speak, had he not thought
 That thereby evil might be brought
 Upon his spell." But as he spoke,
 From out a cloud the noon sun broke
 With watery light, and shadows cold:
 Then did the Scholar well behold
 How, from that finger carved to tell
 Those words, a short black shadow fell

Pon a certain spot of ground,
 And thereon, looking all around
 And seeing none heeding, went straightway
 Whereas the finger's shadow lay,
 And with his knife about the place
 A little circle did he trace;
 When home he turned with throbbing head,
 And forthright gat him to his bed,
 And slept until the night was late
 And few men stirred from gate to gate.

So when at midnight he did wake,
 Pickaxe and shovel did he take,
 And, going to that now silent square,
 He found the mark his knife made there,
 And quietly with many a stroke
 The pavement of the place he broke:
 And so, the stones being set apart,
 He 'gan to dig with beating heart,
 And from the hole in haste he cast
 The marl and gravel; till at last,
 Full shoulder high, his arms were jarred,
 For suddenly his spade struck hard
 With clang against some metal thing:
 And soon he found a brazen ring,
 All green with rust, twisted, and great
 As a man's wrist, set in a plate
 Of copper, wrought all curiously
 With words unknown though plain to see,
 Spite of the rust; and flowering trees,
 And beasts, and wicked images,
 Whereat he shuddered: for he knew
 What ill things he might come to do,
 If he should still take part with these
 And that Great Master strive to please.

But small time had he then to stand
 And think, so straight he set his hand
 Unto the ring, but where he thought

That by main strength it must be brought
 From out its place, lo! easily
 It came away, and let him see
 A winding staircase wrought of stone,
 Wherethrough the new-come wind did moan—

Then thought he, "If I come alive
 From out this place well shall I thrive,
 For I may look here certainly
 The treasures of a king to see,
 A mightier man than men are now.
 So in few days what man shall know
 The needy Scholar, seeing me
 Great in the place where great men be,
 The richest man in all the land?
 Beside the best then shall I stand,
 And some unheard-of palace have;
 And if my soul I may not save
 In heaven, yet here in all men's eyes
 Will I make some sweet paradise,
 With marble cloisters, and with trees
 And bubbling wells, and fantasies,
 And things all men deem strange and rare,
 And crowds of women kind and fair,
 That I may see, if so I please,
 Laid on the flowers, or mid the trees
 With half-clad bodies wandering.
 There, dwelling happier than the king.
 What lovely days may yet be mine!
 How shall I live with love and wine,
 And music, till I come to die!
 And then — Who knoweth certainly
 What haps to us when we are dead?
 Truly I think by likelihead
 Nought haps to us of good or bad:
 Therefore on earth will I be glad
 A short space, free from hope or fear
 And fearless will I enter here

And meet my fate, whatso it be."
 Now on his back a bag had he,
 To bear what treasure he might win,
 And therewith now did he begin
 To go adown the winding stair;
 And found the walls all painted fair
 With images of many a thing,
 Warrior and priest, and queen and king,
 But nothing knew what they might be.
 Which things full clearly could he see,
 For lamps were hung up here and there
 Of strange device, but wrought right fair,
 And pleasant savour came from them.

At last a curtain, on whose hem
 Unknown words in red gold were writ,
 He reached, and softly raising it
 Stepped back, for now did he behold
 A goodly hall hung round with gold,
 And at the upper end could see
 Sitting, a glorious company:
 Therefore he trembled, thinking well
 They were no men, but fiends of hell.
 But while he waited, trembling sore,
 And doubtful of his late-learned lore,
 A cold blast of the outer air
 Blew out the lamps upon the stair
 And all was dark behind him; then
 Did he fear less to face those men
 Than, turning round, to leave them there
 While he went groping up the stair.
 Yea, since he heard no cry or call
 Or any speech from them at all,
 He doubted they were images
 Set there some dying king to please
 By that Great Master of the art;
 Therefore at last with stouter heart
 He raised the cloth and entered in

In hope that happy life to win,
 And drawing nigher did behold
 That these were bodies dead and cold
 Attired in full royal guise,
 And wrought by art in such a wise
 That living they all seemed to be,
 Whose very eyes he well could see,
 That now beheld not foul or fair,
 Shining as though alive they were.
 And midmost of that company
 An ancient king that man could see,
 A mighty man, whose beard of grey
 A foot over his gold gown lay;
 And next beside him sat his queen
 Who in a flowery gown of green
 A golden mantle well was clad,
 And on her neck a collar had
 Too heavy for her dainty breast;
 Her loins by such a belt were prest
 That whoso in his treasury
 Held that alone, a king might be.
 On either side of these, a lord
 Stood heedfully before the board,
 And in their hands held bread and wine
 For service; behind these did shine
 The armour of the guards, and then
 The well-attiréd serving-men,
 The minstrels clad in raiment meet;
 And over against the royal seat
 Was hung a lamp, although no flame
 Was burning there, but there was set
 Within its open golden fret
 A huge carbuncle, red and bright;
 Wherefrom there shone forth such a light
 That great hall was as clear by it,
 As though by wax it had been lit,
 As some great church at Easter-tide.

Now set a little way aside,
 x paces from the daïs stood
 an image made of brass and wood,
 a likeness of a full-armed knight
 whose pointed 'gainst the ruddy light
 a huge shaft ready in a bow.
 Pondering how he could come to know
 what all these marvellous matters meant,
 about the hall the Scholar went,
 trembling, though nothing moved as yet;
 and for awhile did he forget
 his longings that had brought him there
 wondering at these marvels fair;
 and still for fear he doubted much
 to touch the jewel of their robes to touch.

But as about the hall he passed
 he grew more used to them at last,
 and thought, "Swiftly the time goes by,
 and now no doubt the day draws nigh;
 folk will be stirring: by my head
 a fool I am to fear the dead,
 Who have seen living things enow,
 Whose very names no man can know,
 Whose shapes brave men might well affright
 more than the lion in the night
 Wandering for food." Therewith he drew
 Into those royal corpses two,
 That on dead brows still wore the crown;
 And midst the golden cups set down
 The rugged wallet from his back,
 Patched of strong leather, brown and black.
 Then, opening wide its mouth, took up
 From off the board, a golden cup
 The King's dead hand was laid upon,
 Whose unmoved eyes upon him shone
 And recked no more of that last shame

Than if he were the beggar lame,
 Who in old days was wont to wait
 For a dog's meal beside the gate.

Of which shame nought our man did reck,
 But laid his hand upon the neck
 Of the slim Queen, and thence undid
 The jewelled collar, that straight slid
 Down her smooth bosom to the board.
 And when these matters he had stored
 Safe in his sack, with both their crowns,
 The jewelled parts of their rich gowns,
 Their shoes and belts, brooches and rings,
 And cleared the board of all rich things,
 He staggered with them down the hall.
 But as he went his eyes did fall
 Upon a wonderful green stone,
 Upon the hall-floor laid alone:
 He said, "Though thou art not so great
 To add by much unto the weight
 Of this my sack indeed, yet thou
 Certes, would make me rich enow,
 That verily with thee I might
 Wage one-half of the world to fight
 The other half of it, and I
 The lord of all the world might die;
 I will not leave thee;" therewithal
 He knelt down midmost of the hall,
 Thinking it would come easily
 Into his hand; but when that he
 Gat hold of it, full fast it stack,
 So fuming, down he laid his sack,
 And with both hands pulled lustily,
 But as he strained, he cast his eye
 Back to the daïs; there he saw
 The bowman image 'gin to draw
 The mighty bowstring to his ear;
 So, shrieking out aloud for fear,

Of that rich stone he loosed his hold
 And catching up his bag of gold,
 Gat to his feet: but ere he stood
 The evil thing of brass and wood
 Up to his ear the notches drew;
 And clanging, forth the arrow flew,
 And midmost of the carbuncle
 Clanging again, the forked barbs fell,
 And all was dark as pitch straightway.

So there until the judgment day
 Shall come and find his bones laid low,
 And raise them up for weal or woe,
 This man must bide: cast down he lay:
 While all his past life day by day
 In one short moment he could see
 Drawn out before him, while that he
 In terror by that fatal stone
 Was laid, and scarcely dared to moan.
 But in a while his hope returned.
 And then, though nothing he discerned,
 He gat him up upon his feet,
 And all about the walls he beat
 To find some token of the door,
 But never could he find it more;
 For by some dreadful sorcery
 All was sealed close as it might be,
 And midst the marvels of that hall
 This Scholar found the end of all.

But in the town on that same night,
 An hour before the dawn of light,
 Such storm upon the place there fell,
 That not the oldest man could tell
 Of such another: and thereby
 The image was burnt utterly,
 Being stricken from the clouds above:

And folk deemed that same bolt did move
 The pavement where that wretched one
 Unto his foredoomed fate had gone,
 Because the plate was set again
 Into its place, and the great rain
 Washed the earth down, and sorcery
 Had hid the place where it did lie.

So soon the stones were set all straight,
 But yet the folk, afraid of fate,
 Where once the man of cornel wood
 Through many a year of bad and good
 Had kept his place, set up alone
 Great Jove himself, cut in white stone,
 But thickly overlaid with gold.
 "Which," saith my tale, "you may behold
 Unto this day, although indeed
 Some Lord or other, being in need,
 Took every ounce of gold away."

But now, this tale in some past day
 Being writ, I warrant all is gone,
 Both gold and weather-beaten stone.

LEWIS MORRIS.

(b 1835).

THE INVINCIBLE ARMADA, 1588.

'Tis a fair eve at midsummer, three hundred years ago,
 Drake and his bold sea captains all are out on Plymouth B
 They are busy at bowls, brave gentlemen, with jovial m
 and jest,
 When watching eyes spy far away a sail upon the West.

A sail! ten sail! a hundred sail! nay nigh two hundred str
 And up the sea they swiftly climb in battle order long;

their high main-royals rake the skies, as in a crescent wide,
like a thick wood, full seven miles broad, they sail on side by side.

There is swift alarm and hurry then, but never a thought of fear,
As the seamen, with the falling night, behold the Don draw near.
"Ring out the bells," cries Hawkins, and across the darkling main,
England peals out defiance to the gathered hosts of Spain.

They do not fear the Don, not they, who on the Spanish main,
Have fought his might and lowered his pride, again and yet again;
And yet 'tis fearful odds they face, when they sail forth to meet,
Spain and her great Armada with the puny English fleet.

And the streets grow thronged with seamen, and the crowds
begin to shout,
And quick oars dash and sails are set, before the stars come out.
They weigh their anchors with a will, and out they speed to sea,
Where up the Channel, stately, slowly, forge the enemy.

Now St. George for merry England, and St. James for Papal Spain,
Our seamen are our chiefest hope, nor shall we trust in vain.
We have quenched the fires of Smithfield; and no more, 'fore
God, we swear,
Shall they ever again flame upward, through our sweet, free,
English air.

Now when they neared the foeman, as he loomed across the sea,
Lord Howard led the English van, a Catholic Lord was he,
And his great Ark Royal thundered out her broadsides loud
and long,
With Drake and Frobisher hard by, and heroes in a throng.

But never a gun the Spaniards fired, but silent ploughed and slow,
As bison in a sullen herd across the prairies go;

And behind them close, like hunters swift, with hounds that
 snarl and bite,

The English squadrons followed through the breezy summer night.

They could see the Dons' high lanterns, in a brilliant crescent flared,
 They could catch the Black Friars' moaning chant upon the
 midnight air.

All night they pressed them close, and ere the sun began to flame,
 Long miles away, by blue Torbay, the warring galleons came.

Soon as the dawn began to glow, the guns began to roar,
 All day the thundering navies fought along the Dorset shore,
 Till Portland frowned before them, in the distance dark and grim,
 And again the night stole downward, and the ghostly cliffs
 grew dim.

And already, praised be God, who guides the patriots' noble strife,
 Though not an English flag is lost, and scarce an English life,
 De Valdez yields his ship and sword, and into Weymouth Bay,
 They tow Oquenda's burning bark, the galleon of Biscay.

Day fades in night, 'mid stress of fight, and when to waking eyes,
 Freshwater's ghostly sea cliffs, and the storm-worn Needles rise,
 From a score of sheltered inlets on the smiling Solent sea,
 England comes forth to aid her sons, with all her chivalry.

There sails my Lord of Cumberland, and he of Oxford too,
 Brave Raleigh and Northumberland, and Grenville and Carew.
 As to a field of honour hasten knights of deathless fame,
 To meet the blue blood of Castile, the flower of England came.

Then with the wind, the foe faced round, and hissing o'er the blue,
 Forth from his lofty broadsides vast his hurtling missiles flew;
 Long time the fight confusedly raged, each man for his own hand;
 St. George! protect our country, and the freedom of our land!

See here round brave Ricaldes thick the English levies press!
 See there the keels from London town, hemmed round and in distress

Each thunder sure upon the seas was never heard before,
As the great ordnance smite the skies with one unceasing roar!

Now when the fifth day of the fight was come, St. James's Day,
The sea was like a sheet of glass, the wind had died away,
And from out the smoke clouds looming vast, churning the
 deep to foam,
Driven by three hundred oars the towering galliasses come.

But ere they neared the English line, a furious iron hail
Of chain-shot and of grape-shot crashed through mast and oar
 and sail;
No more they could, they turned and fled, upon our English sea,
Not yet such furious hatred raged, or stubborn bravery.

And upon the steep white walls of cliff and by the yellow sand,
With pike and musket hurrying down the sturdy peasants stand,
And the trembling women kneel and call upon the Holy name,
And watch the thick black cloud which bursts in murderous
 jets of flame.

Now St. George for our old England! for the Don has turned and fled,
With many a strong ship sunk or burnt, and gallant seaman dead,
And by the last day of the week, the warring squadrons lie,
The foeman moored in Calais roads, the English watching by.

They sent for aid to Parma, for they were sore beset,
But the Duke was at St. Mary's shrine, and could not succour yet,
For by Nieuport and by Dunkirk, stern, immovable as Fate,
With stalwart ships, and ordnance strong, the Dutchmen guard
 the gate.

Now that great Sabbath dawns at last, and from the foeman's fleet,
The deep mass-music rises, and the incense sickly-sweet,
And beneath the flag of England, stern, with dauntless hearts
 and high,
The seamen take the bread and wine, and rise prepared to die.

Then came Lord Henry Seymour, with a message from Her Grace,
 And Sir Francis read the missive with grave triumph on his face,
 And he swore an oath, that come what would, her orders should
 be done
 Before the early rose of dawn proclaimed the coming sun.

And the summer daylight faded, and 'twas midnight on the wave,
 And among the close-moored galleons, all was silent as the grave,
 And the bright poop lanterns rose and fell with the breathing
 of the deep,
 And silent rode the towering hulls, with the weary crews asleep.

When two brave men of Devon, for Sir Francis bade them go,
 With all sail set before the wind, stole down upon the foe;
 And before the drowsy watchmen woke, the swift destruction came,
 As with a blaze of wildfire leapt the fireships into flame!

Then from the close-thronged ships of Spain loud cries of terror rise,
 As from their burning ranks the glare flares upward to the skies,
 With cables cut, and sails half set, they drift into the night,
 And many are crushed, and many burn, and some are sunk outright.

And the watchers on the Dover Cliffs know well what thing has been,
 And for noble England cheer aloud, and for her Maiden Queen.
 No more, no more, great England, shalt thou bow thy head again
 Beneath the Holy Office and the tyranny of Spain!

And the conquering English followed, and upon the Flanders shore,
 Hopeless the shattered galleons fought, till fight they could no more.
 And some went down with all their crews, and some beat helplessly
 Upon the yeasty quicksands of the perilous Northern Sea.

Then Sidonia with the remnant, shattered ships and wounded men,
 Fled northward, with the foe in chase, hoping for Spain again;
 But by the Orkneys, lo! the Lord blew with a mighty wind,
 And on the cruel Irish West they left two score behind.

And the savage kerns of Desmond, when the stormy winds were o'er,
 Robbed the thronged corpses of the great, upon the lonely shore.
 There, in his gold-laced satins, lay the Prince of Asculè,
 Mid friars, and seamen drowned and dead, and Dons of high degree.

Or faint with hunger and with thirst, though rescued from the wave,
 The haughty Spaniards knew in turn the misery of the slave.
 They ate the captives' bitter bread, they who brief weeks ago
 Sailed forth in high disdain and pride to lay our England low.

And the scattered remnant labouring back to Spain and life again,
 Left fourscore gallant ships behind and twice ten thousand men;
 And when in dole and misery this great emprise was done,
 There was scarce a palace in all Castile which did not mourn a son.

Let not their land forget the men who fought so good a fight!
 Still shall our England keep undimmed their fame, their memory
 bright.

And if again the foemen come in power upon the main,
 May she find sons as strong as those who broke the might of Spain!

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

(b 1837).

A FORSAKEN GARDEN.

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
 At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
 Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
 The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
 A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
 The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
 Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
 Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
 To the low last edge of the long lone land.
 If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
 Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
 So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
 Through branches and briers if a man make way,
 He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
 Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
 That crawls by a track none turn to climb
 To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
 Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
 The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
 The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
 The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
 These remain.

Not a flower to be prest of the foot that falls not;
 As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
 From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls:
 Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
 Over the meadows that blossom and wither
 Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
 Only the sun and the rain come hither
 All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
 One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
 Only the wind here hovers and revels
 In a round where life seems barren as death,
 Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
 Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
 Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
 Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'
 Did he whisper? 'Look forth from the flowers to the :

or the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
 And men that love lightly may die—but we?'
 and the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
 And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
 the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
 Love was dead.

r they loved their life through, and then went whither?
 And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
 ove deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
 As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
 all the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
 What love was ever as deep as a grave?
 hey are loveless now as the grass above them
 Or the wave.

ll are at one now, roses and lovers,
 Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
 ot a breath of the time that has been hovers
 In the air now soft with a summer to be.
 ot a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
 Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
 hen as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
 We shall sleep.

ere death may deal not again for ever;
 Here change may come not till all change end.
 rom the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
 Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
 arth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
 While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
 ill a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
 Roll the sea.

ill the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
 Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
 ill the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
 The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,

Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
 Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
 As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
 Death lies dead.

A WASTED VIGIL.

Couldst thou not watch with me one hour? Behold,
 Dawn skims the sea with flying feet of gold,
 With sudden feet that graze the gradual sea;
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

What, not one hour? for star by star the night
 Falls, and her thousands world by world take flight;
 They die, and day survives, and what of thee?
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Lo, far in heaven the web of night undone,
 And on the sudden sea the gradual sun;
 Wave to wave answers, tree responds to tree;
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Sunbeam by sunbeam creeps from line to line,
 Foam by foam quickens on the brightening brine;
 Sail by sail passes, flower by flower gets free;
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Last year, a brief while since, an age ago,
 A whole year past, with bud and bloom and snow,
 O moon that wast in heaven, what friends were we!
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Old moons, and last year's flowers, and last year's snow
 Who now saith to thee, moon? or who saith, rose?

O dust and ashes, once found fair to see!
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

O dust and ashes, once thought sweet to smell!
 With me it is not, is it with thee well?
 O sea-drift blown from windward back to lee!
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

The old year's dead hands are full of their dead flowers,
 The old days are full of dead old loves of ours,
 Born as a rose, and briefer born than she;
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Could two days live again of that dead year,
 One would say, seeking us and passing here,
Were is she? and one answering, *Were is he?*
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Nay, those two lovers are not anywhere;
 If we were they, none knows us what we were,
 Nor aught of all their barren grief and glee.
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Half false, half fair, all feeble, be my verse
 Upon thee not for blessing nor for curse
 For some must stand, and some must fall or flee;
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

As a new moon above spent stars thou wast;
 But stars endure after the moon is past.
 Couldst thou not watch one hour, though I watch three?
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

What of the night? The night is full, the tide
 Storms inland, the most ancient rocks divide;
 Yet some endure, and bow nor head nor knee;
 Couldst thou not watch with me?

Since thou art not as these are, go thy ways;
 Thou hast no part in all my nights and days.
 Lie still, sleep on, be glad—as such things be;
 Thou couldst not watch with me.

CHORUS.

FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON".

Before the beginning of years,
 There came to the making of man
 Time, with a gift of tears;
 Grief, with a glass that ran;
 Pleasure, with pain for leaven:
 Summer, with flowers that fell;
 Remembrance fallen from heaven,
 And madness risen from hell;
 Strength without hands to smite;
 Love that endures for a breath;
 Night, the shadow of light,
 And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
 Fire, and the falling of tears,
 And a measure of sliding sand
 From under the feet of the years;
 And froth and drift of the sea;
 And dust of the labouring earth;
 And bodies of things to be
 In the houses of death and of birth;
 And wrought with weeping and laughter,
 And fashioned with loathing and love,
 With life before and after
 And death beneath and above,

For a day and a night and a morrow,
 That his strength might endure for a span
 With travail and heavy sorrow,
 The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
 They gathered as unto strife;
 They breathed upon his mouth,
 They filled his body with life;
 Eyesight and speech they wrought
 For the veils of the soul therein,
 A time for labor and thought,
 A time to serve and to sin;
 They gave him light in his ways,
 And love, and a space for delight,
 And beauty and length of days,
 And night, and sleep in the night.
 His speech is a burning fire;
 With his lips he travailleth;
 In his heart is a blind desire,
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
 Sows, and he shall not reap;
 His life is a watch or a vision
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

AMERICAN POETRY.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

(b 1794 — d 1878).

SONG.

"THESE PRAIRIES GLOW WITH FLOWERS."

These prairies glow with flowers,
These groves are tall and fair,
The sweet lay of the mocking-bird
Rings in the morning air;
And yet I pine to see
My native hill once more,
And hear the sparrow's friendly chirp
Beside its cottage-door.

And he, for whom I left
My native hill and brook,
Alas, I sometimes think I trace
A coldness in his look!
If I have lost his love,
I know my heart will break;
And haply, they I left for him
Will sorrow for my sake.

THE TIDES.

The moon is at her full, and, riding high,
 Floods the calm fields with light;
 The airs that hover in the summer-sky
 Are all asleep to-night.

There comes no voice from the great woodlands round
 That murmured all the day,
 Beneath the shadow of their boughs the ground
 Is not more still than they.

The ever heaves and moans the restless Deep;
 His rising tides I hear,
 Nor I see the glimmering billows leap;
 I see them breaking near.

Each wave springs upward, climbing toward the fair
 Pure light that sits on high —
 Springs eagerly, and faintly sinks, to where
 The mother-waters lie.

Forward again it swells; the moonbeams show
 Again its glimmering crest;
 Again it feels the fatal weight below,
 And sinks, but not to rest.

Again and yet again; until the Deep
 Recalls his brood of waves;
 And, with a sullen moan, abashed, they creep
 Back to his inner caves.

For respite! they shall rush from that recess
 With noise and tumult soon,
 And fling themselves, with unavailing stress,
 Up toward the placid moon.

O restless Sea, that, in thy prison here,
 Dost struggle and complain;
 Through the slow centuries yearning to be near
 To that fair orb in vain;

The glorious source of light and heat must warm
 Thy billows from on high,
 And change them to the cloudy trains that form
 The curtain of the sky.

Then only may they leave the waste of brine
 In which they welter here,
 And rise above the hills of earth, and shine
 In a serener sphere.

THE PRAIRIES.

These are the gardens of the Desert, these
 The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
 For which the speech of England has no name —
 The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
 And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
 Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch,
 In airy undulations, far away,
 As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
 Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
 And motionless for ever. — Motionless? —
 No — they are all unchained again. The clouds
 Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
 The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
 Dark hollows seem to glide along and chase
 The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
 Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
 And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,

Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not — ye have played
 Among the palms of Mexico and vines
 Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
 That from the fountains of Sonora glide
 Into the calm Pacific — have ye fanned
 A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
 Man hath no power in all this glorious work:
 The hand that built the firmament hath heaved
 And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
 With herbage, planted them with island groves,
 And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
 For this magnificent temple of the sky —
 With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
 Rival the constellations! The great heavens
 Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love, —
 A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
 Than that which bends above our eastern hills.

GEORGE PERKINS MORRIS.

(*b* 1802 — *d* 1864)

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!

Woodman, spare that tree!
 Touch not a single bough!
 In youth it sheltered me,
 And I'll protect it now.
 'Twas my forefather's hand
 That placed it near his cot;
 There, woodman, let it stand,
 Thy axe shall harm it not!

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,

And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh! spare that aged oak,
 Now towering to the skies!

When but an idle boy
 I sought its graceful shade;
 In all their gushing joy
 Here too my sisters played.
 My mother kissed me here;
 My father pressed my hand —
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild-bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

(b 1803 — d 1882).

THE SNOW-STORM.

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,
 And veils the farm-house at the garden's end.

The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet
 Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit
 Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed
 In a tumultuous privacy of storm.


Come see the north-wind's masonry.
 Out of an unseen quarry evermore
 Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer
 Curves his white bastions with projected roof
 Round every windward stake, or tree, or door.
 Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work
 So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he
 For number or proportion. Mockingly,
 On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;
 A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;
 Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,
 Mangre the farmer's sighs; and, at the gate,
 A tapering turret overtops the work:
 And when his hours are numbered, and the world
 Is all his own, retiring, as he were not,
 Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art
 To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,
 Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,
 The frolic architecture of the snow.

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS.

(b 1806 — d 1867)

ABSALOM.

The pall was settled. He who slept beneath
 Was straightened for the grave: and as the folds
 Sunk to the still proportions, they betrayed
 The matchless symmetry of Absalom.
 His hair was yet unshorn, and silken curls

Were floating round the tassels as they swayed
 To the admitted air:
 His helm was at his feet, his banner, soiled
 With trailing thro' Jerusalem, was laid
 Reversed, beside him. —
 The mighty Joab stood beside the bier,
 And gazed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
 As if he feared the slumberer might stir.
 A slow step startled him: and the bent form
 Of David entered, and he gave command,
 In a low tone, to his few followers,
 To leave him with the dead. The king stood still, < 
 Till the last echo died: then throwing back
 The pall from the still features of his child;
 He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
 In the resistless eloquence of woe:

"Alas, my noble boy! that thou shouldst die!
 Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
 That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
 And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
 How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
 My proud boy, Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son, and I am chill.
 As to my bosom I have tried to press thee
 How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
 Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee
 And hear thy sweet "My father" from these dumb
 And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
 Of music, and the voices of the young;
 And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
 And the dark tresses to the soft wind flung;
 But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
 To meet me, Absalom!

"And oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,

a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
 will its love for thee, as I depart,
 1 for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
 re so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
 To see thee, Absalom!

now farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
 th death so like a gentle slumber on thee: —
 thy dark sin! — Oh! I could drink the cup,
 from this woe its bitterness had won thee.
 God have called thee like the wanderer home,
 My erring Absalom!"

covered up his face, and bowed himself
 ment on his child: then giving him
 k of melting tenderness, he clasped
 and convulsively, as if in prayer;
 as if strength were given him of God,
 se up calmly, and composed the pall
 y and decently, and left him there,
 his rest had been a breathing sleep.

THE LEPER.

for the leper! room!" — And, as he came,
 r passed on — "Room for the leper! room!"
 was slanting on the city gates
 and beautiful, and from the hills
 rly-risen poor were coming in
 and cheerfully to their toil; and up
 e sharp hammer's clink, and the far hum
 ing wheels, and multitudes astir,
 that in a city murmur swells.

for the leper!" and aside they stood,
 , and child, and pitiless manhood — all
 et him on the way — and let him pass.

And onward thro' the open gate he came,
 The leper with the ashes on his brow,
 Sack-cloth about his loins, and on his lip
 A covering, stepping painfully and slow;
 And with a difficult utterance, like one
 Whose heart is with an iron nerve put down,
 Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!"

'Twas day-break now,
 When at the altar of the temple stood
 The holy priest of God. The incense-lamp
 Burned with a struggling light, and a low chant
 Swelled thro' the hollow arches of the roof,
 Like an articulate wail; and there alone,
 To ghastly thinness shrunk, the leper knelt. —
 The echoes of the melancholy strain
 Died in the distant aisles, and he rose up,
 Struggling with weakness, and bowed down his head —
 Then, with his sack-cloth round him, and his lip
 Hid in a loathsome covering, stood still
 To hear his doom:

"Depart! depart, O child
 Of Israel, from the temple of thy God!
 For He hath smote thee with his chastening rod;

"And to the desert wild,
 From all thou lovest, away thy feet must flee,
 That from thy plague His people may be free. —

"Depart! and come not near
 The busy mart, nor pluck the yellow grain,
 Nor milk the goat that browseth on the plain;

"Nor greeting stay to hear,
 Nor lay thee down to sleep upon the sod.
 Depart, O leper! and forget not God!"

And he went forth — alone; not one of all
 The many whom he loved, nor she whose name
 Was woven in the fibres of his heart,
 Breaking within him now, did come to speak
 Comfort unto him — yea, he went his way,
 Sick, and heart-broken, and alone.

'Twas noon, —
 The leper knelt beside a stagnant pool
 In the lone wilderness, and bathed his brow,
 Hot with burning leprosy, and brought
 The loathsome water to his fevered lips,
 Praying that he might be so blessed — to die!
 Footsteps approached, and, with no strength to flee,
 He drew the covering closer to his lip,
 Crying, "Unclean! Unclean!" and, in the folds
 Of the coarse sack-cloth shrouding up his face,
 He fell upon the earth till they should pass. —
 Nearer the stranger came, and, bending o'er
 The prostrate form, pronounced the leper's name; —
 The voice was music, and disease's pulse
 Beat for a moment with restoring thrill:
 He rose and stood.

The stranger gazed awhile,
 As if his heart were moved, then stooping down,
 He took a little water in his palm,
 And laid it on his brow, and said, "Be clean!"
 And lo! the scales fell from him, and his blood
 Coursed with delicious coolness thro' his veins;
 His palms grew moist, the leprosy was cleansed;
 He fell and worshipped at the feet of Jesus.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(b 1807 — d 1882).

SHAKSPEARE.

A vision as of crowded city streets,
 With human life in endless overflow;
 Thunder of thoroughfares; trumpets that blow —
 To battle; clamour, in obscure retreats,
 Of sailors landed from their anchored fleets;
 Tolling of bells in turrets, and below
 Voices of children, and bright flowers that thr
 O'er garden-walls their intermingled sweets!
 This vision comes to me when I unfold
 The volume of the Poet paramount,
 Whom all the Muses loved, not one alone; —
 Into his hands they put the lyre of gold,
 And, crowned with sacred laurel at their fount,
 Placed him as Musagetes on their throne.

THE SLAVE'S DREAM.

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
 His sickle in his hand;
 His breast was bare, his matted hair
 Was buried in the sand.
 Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
 He saw his Native Land.

 Wide through the landscape of his dreams
 The lordly Niger flowed;
 Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
 Once more a king he strode;
 And heard the tinkling caravans
 Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand! —
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyæna scream;
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day;

For death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
 And his lifeless body lay
 A worn-out fetter, that the soul
 Had broken and thrown away!

SAND OF THE DESERT IN AN HOUR-GLASS.

A handfull of red sand, from the hot clime
 Of Arab deserts brought,
 Within this glass becomes the spy of Time,
 The minister of Thought.

How many weary centuries has it been
 About these deserts blown!
 How many strange vicissitudes has seen,
 How many histories known!

Perhaps the camels of the Ishmaelite
 Trampled and passed it o'er,
 When into Egypt from the patriarch's sight
 His favourite son they bore.

Perhaps the feet of Moses, burnt and bare,
 Crushed it beneath their tread;
 Or Pharaoh's flashing wheels into the air
 Scattered it as they sped;

Or Mary, with the Christ of Nazareth
 Held close in her caress,
 Whose pilgrimage of hope and love and faith
 Illumed the wilderness;

Or anchorites beneath Engaddi's palms
 Pacing the Dead Sea beach,
 And singing slow their old Armeniam psalms
 In half-articulate speech;

'r caravans, that from Bassora's gate
 With westward steps depart;
 'r Mecca's pilgrims, confident of Fate,
 And resolute in heart;

These have passed over it, or may have passed!
 Now in this crystal tower
 Imprisoned by some curious hand at last,
 It counts the passing hour.

And as I gaze, these narrow walls expand; —
 Before my dreamy eye
 Stretches the desert with its shifting sand,
 Its unimpeded sky.

And borne aloft by the sustaining blast,
 This little golden thread
 Dilates into a column high and vast,
 A form of fear and dread.

And onward, and across the setting sun,
 Across the boundless plain,
 The column and its broader shadow run,
 Till thought pursues in vain.

The vision vanishes! These walls again
 Shut out the lurid sun,
 Shut out the hot, immeasurable plain;
 The half-hour's sand is run!

BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

Black shadows fall
 From the lindens tall,
 That lift aloft their massive wall
 Against the southern sky;

And from the realms
 Of the shadowy elms
 A tide-like darkness overwhelms
 The fields that round us lie.

But the night is fair,
 And everywhere
 A warm, soft vapour fills the air,
 And distant sounds seem near;

And above, in the light
 Of the star-lit night,
 Swift birds of passage wing their flight
 Through the dewy atmosphere.

I hear the beat
 Of their pinions fleet,
 As from the land of snow and sleet
 They seek a southern lea.

I hear the cry
 Of their voices high
 Falling dreamily through the sky,
 But their forms I cannot see.

O, say not so!
 Those sounds that flow
 In murmurs of delight and woe
 Come not from wings of birds.

They are the throngs
 Of the poet's songs,
 Murmurs of pleasures, and pains, and wrongs,
 The sound of winged words.

This is the cry
 Of souls, that high
 On toiling, beating pinions, fly,
 Seeking a warmer clime.



From their distant flight
 Through realms of light
 It falls into our world of night,
 With the murmuring sound of rhyme.

FROM "THE COURTSHIP OF MILES STANDISH."

THE LOVER'S ERRAND.

So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand:
 Crossing the brook at the ford, where it brawled over pebble and
 shallow,
 Gathering still, as he went, the May-flowers blooming around him
 Fragrant, filling the air with a strange and wonderful sweetness,
 Children lost in the woods, and covered with leaves in their slumber.
 "Puritan flowers," he said, "and the type of Puritan maidens,
 Modest and simple and sweet, the very type of Priscilla!
 So I will take them to her; to Priscilla, the May-flower of Plymouth,
 Modest and simple and sweet, as a parting gift will I take them;
 Breathing their silent farewells, as they fade and wither and perish:
 Soon to be thrown away as is the heart of the giver."
 So through the Plymouth woods John Alden went on his errand,
 Came to an open space, and saw the disk of the ocean,
 Sailless, sombre and cold with the comfortless breath of the
 east wind;
 Saw the new-built house, and people at work in a meadow;
 Heard, as he drew near the door, the musical voice of Priscilla
 Singing the hundredth Psalm, the grand old Puritan anthem,
 Music that Luther sang to the sacred words of the Psalmist,
 Full of the breath of the Lord, consoling and comforting many.
 Then, as he opened the door, he beheld the form of the maiden
 Seated beside her wheel, and the carded wool like a snowdrift
 Piled at her knee, her white hands feeding the ravenous spindle,
 While with her foot on the treadle she guided the wheel in its
 motion.

Open wide on her lap lay the well-worn psalm-book of Ainsworth;
 Printed in Amsterdam, the words and the music together,
 Rough-hewn, angular notes, like stones in the wall of a churchyard,
 Darkened and overhung by the running vine of the verses.
 Such was the book from whose pages she sang the old Puritan
 anthem,

She, the Puritan girl, in the solitude of the forest,
 Making the humble house and the modest apparel of homespun
 Beautiful with her beauty, and rich with the wealth of her being!
 Over him rushed, like a wind that is keen and cold and relentless,
 Thoughts of what might have been, and the weight and woe
 of his errand;

All the dreams that had faded, and all the hopes that had vanished,
 All his life henceforth a dreary and tenantless mansion,
 Haunted by vain regrets, and pallid, sorrowful faces.

Still he said to himself, and almost fiercely he said it,
 "Let not him that putteth his hand to the plough look backwards;
 Though the ploughshare cut through the flowers of life to its
 fountains,

Though it pass o'er the graves of the dead and the hearths of
 the living,

It is the will of the Lord; and His mercy endureth for ever!"

So he entered the house: and the hum of the wheel and the singing
 Suddenly ceased; for Priscilla, aroused by his step on the threshold,
 Rose as he entered, and gave him her hand, in signal of welcome,
 Saying, "I knew it was you, when I heard your step in the passage;
 For I was thinking of you, as I sat there singing and spinning."
 Awkward and dumb with delight, that a thought of him had
 been mingled

Thus in the sacred psalm, that came from the heart of the maiden,
 Silent before her he stood, and gave her the flowers for an answer,
 Finding no words for his thought. He remembered that day in
 the winter,

After the first great snow, when he broke a path from the village,
 Reeling and plunging along through the drifts that encumbered
 the doorway,

Stamping the snow from his feet as he entered the house, and
Priscilla

Laughed at his snowy looks, and gave him a seat by the fireside,
Grateful and pleased to know he had thought of her in the
snow-storm.

Had he but spoken then! perhaps not in vain had he spoken;
Now, it was all too late; the golden moment had vanished!
So he stood there abashed, and gave her the flowers for an answer.

Then they sat down and talked of the birds and the beautiful
Spring-time,
Talked of their friends at home, and the May-Flower that sailed
on the morrow.

"I have been thinking all day," said gently the Puritan maiden,
"Dreaming all night, and thinking all day, of the hedge-rows
of England, —

They are in blossom now, and the country is all like a garden;
Thinking of lanes and fields, and the song of the lark and the linnet,
Seeing the village street, and familiar faces of neighbours
Going about as of old, and stopping to gossip together,
And, at the end of the street, the village church, with the ivy
Climbing the old gray tower, and the quiet graves in the churchyard.
Kind are the people I live with, and dear to me my religion;
Still my heart is so sad, that I wish myself back in Old England.
You will say it is wrong, but I cannot help it: I almost
Wish myself back in Old England, I feel so lonely and wretched."

Thereupon answered the youth: — "Indeed, I do not condemn you:
Stouter hearts than a woman's have quailed in this terrible winter.
Yours is tender and trusting, and needs a stronger to lean on;
So I have come to you now, with an offer and proffer of marriage
Made by a good man and true, Miles Standish, the Captain of
Plymouth!"

Thus he delivered his message, the dexterous writer of letters, —
Did not embellish the theme, nor array it in beautiful phrases,
But came straight to the point, and blurted it out like a schoolboy;

Even the Captain himself could hardly have said it more bluntly. Mute with amazement and sorrow, Priscilla, the Puritan maiden, looked into Alden's face, her eyes dilated with wonder, feeling his words like a blow, that stunned her and rendered her speechless;

Till at length she exclaimed, interrupting the ominous silence: "If the great Captain of Plymouth is so very eager to wed me, Why does he not come himself, and take the trouble to woo me? If I am not worth the wooing, I surely am not worth the winning!" Then John Alden began explaining and smoothing the matter, Making it worse as he went, by saying the Captain was busy, — Had no time for such things; — such things! the words grating harshly

Fell on the ear of Priscilla; and swift as a flash she made answer: "Has he no time for such things, as you call it, before he is married, Would he be likely to find it, or make it, after the wedding? That is the way with you men; you don't understand us, you cannot. When you have made up your minds, after thinking of this one and that one,

Choosing, selecting, rejecting, comparing one with another, Then you make known your desire, with abrupt and sudden avowal, And are offended and hurt, and indignant perhaps, that a woman Does not respond at once to a love that she never suspected, Does not attain at a bound the height to which you have been climbing.

This is not right nor just: for surely a woman's affection Is not a thing to be asked for, and had for only the asking. When one is truly in love, one not only says it, but shows it. Had he but waited awhile, had he only showed that he loved me, Even this Captain of yours — who knows? — at last might have won me, Old and rough as he is; but now it never can happen."

Still John Alden went on, unheeding the words of Priscilla Urging the suit of his friend, explaining, persuading, expanding Spoke of his courage and skill, and of all his battles in Flanders How with the people of God he had chosen to suffer affliction

How, in return for his zeal, they had made him Captain of Plymouth;

He was a gentleman born, could trace his pedigree plainly
Back to Hugh Standish of Duxbury Hall, in Lancashire, England,
Who was the son of Ralph, and the grandson of Thurston de Standish;

Heir unto vast estates, of which he was basely defrauded,
Still bore the family arms, and had for his crest a cock argent,
Combed and wattled gules, and all the rest of the blazon.

He was a man of honour, of noble and generous nature;
Though he was rough, he was kindly; she knew how during
the winter

He had attended the sick, with a hand as gentle as woman's;
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty, and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned, because he was little of stature;
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous;
Any woman in Plymouth, nay, any woman in England,
Might be happy and proud to be called the wife of Miles Standish!

But as he warmed and glowed, in his simple and eloquent
language,
Quite forgetful of self, and full of the praise of his rival,
Archly the maiden smiled, and, with eyes overrunning with laughter,
Said, in a tremulous voice, "Why don't you speak for your-
self, John?"

SONG OF THE BELL.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Bell! thou soundest merrily,
When the bridal party
To the church doth hie!
Bell! thou soundest solemnly,
When, on Sabbath morning,
Fields deserted lie!

Bell! thou soundest merrily;
 Tellest thou at evening!
 Bed-time draweth nigh!
 Bell! thou soundest mournfully;
 Tellest thou the bitter
 Parting hath gone by!

Say! how canst thou mourn?
 How canst thou rejoice?
 Thou art but metal dull!
 And yet all our sorrowings,
 And all our rejoicings,
 Thou dost feel them all!

God hath wonders many,
 Which we cannot fathom,
 Placed within thy form!
 When the heart is sinking,
 Thou alone canst raise it,
 Trembling in the storm!

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

"Hast thou seen that lordly castle,
 That Castle by the Sea,
 Golden and red above it
 The clouds float gorgeously.

"And fain it would stoop downward
 To the mirrored wave below;
 And fain it would soar upward
 In the evening's crimson glow."

"Well have I seen that castle,
 That Castle by the Sea,

And the moon above it standing,
And the mist rise solemnly.

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
Had they a merry chime!
Didst thou hear, from those lofty chambers,
The harp and the minstrel's rhyme?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
They rested quietly;
But I heard on the gale a sound of wail,
And tears came to mine eye."

"And sawest thou on the turrets
The King and his royal bride?
And the wave of their crimson mantles?
And the golden crown of pride?"

"Led they not forth, in rapture,
A beauteous maiden there?
Resplendent as the morning sun,
Beaming with golden hair?"

"Well saw I the ancient parents,
Without the crown of pride;
They were moving slow, in weeds of woe,
No maiden was by their side!"

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

(*b* 1807 — *d* 1892).

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep,

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall,

Over the mountains winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose old Barbara Frietchie then,
Bowed with her fourscore years and ten;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;

In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tost
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;

And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good-night.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the Rebel rides on his raids no more.

Honour to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

CONDUCTOR BRADLEY.

Conductor Bradley, (always may his name
Be said with reverence!) as the swift doom came,
Smitten to death, a crushed and mangled frame,

Sank, with the brake he grasped just where he stood
To do the utmost that a brave man could,
And die, if needful, as a true man should.

Men stooped above him; women dropped their tears
On that poor wreck beyond all hopes or fears,
Lost in the strength and glory of his years.

What heard they? Lo! the ghastly lips of pain,
Dead to all thought save duty's, moved again:
"Put out the signals for the other train!"

No nobler utterance since the world began
From lips of saint or martyr ever ran,
Electric, through the sympathies of man.

Ah me! how poor and noteless seem to this
The sick-bed dramas; of self-consciousness,
Our sensual fears of pain and hopes of bliss!

O grand, supreme endeavour! Not in vain
That last brave act of failing tongue and brain!
Freighted with life the downward rushing train,

Following the wrecked one, as wave follows wave,
Obeyed the warning which the dead lips gave.
Others he saved, himself he could not save.

Nay, the lost life *was* saved. He is not dead
Who in his record still the earth shall tread
With God's clear aureole shining round his head.

We bow as in the dust, with all our pride
 Of virtue dwarfed the noble deed beside.
 God give us grace to live as Bradley died!

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

(*b* 1809 — *d* 1849).

ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,
 In a kingdom by the sea,
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know
 By the name of Annabel Lee;
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought
 Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child,
 In this kingdom by the sea;
 But we loved with a love that was more than love —
 I and my Annabel Lee —
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that long ago,
 In this kingdom by the sea,
 A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
 My beautiful Annabel Lee;
 So that her high-born kinsmen came
 And bore her away from me,
 To shut her up in a sepulchre
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
 Went envying her and me —
 Yes! — that was the reason (as all men know

In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
Chilling and killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
Of those who were older than we —
Of many far wiser than we —
And neither the angels in heaven above,
Nor the demons down under the sea,
Can ever dissever my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;

For the moon never beams without bringing me dream
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;
And the stars never rise but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling — my darling — my life and my bride
In her sepulchre there by the sea —
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells —
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells

From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells,
 From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells —
 Golden bells!
 What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
 Through the balmy air of night
 How they ring out their delight!
 From the molten — golden notes,
 And all in tune,
 What a liquid ditty floats
 To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
 On the moon!
 Oh, from out the sounding cells,
 What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
 How it swells!
 How it dwells
 On the Future! how it tells
 Of the rapture that impels
 To the swinging and the ringing
 Of the bells, bells, bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells —
 Brazen bells!
 What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
 In the startled ear of night
 How they scream out their affright!
 Too much horrified to speak,
 They can only shriek, shriek,
 Out of tune,
 In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire;
 In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
 Leaping higher, higher, higher,

With a desperate desire,
 And a resolute endeavour
 Now — now to sit or never,
 By the side of the pale-faced moon.
 Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
 What a tale their terror tells
 Of Despair!
 How they clang, and clash, and roar!
 What a horror they outpour
 On the bosom of the palpitating air!
 Yet the ear it fully knows,
 By the twanging,
 And the clanging,
 How the danger ebbs and flows;
 Yet the ear distinctly tells,
 In the jangling,
 And the wrangling,
 How the danger sinks and swells,
 By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells —
 Of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
 Bells, bells, bells —
 In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

 Hear the tolling of the bells —
 Iron bells!
 What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
 In the silence of the night,
 How we shiver with affright
 At the melancholy menace of their tone!
 For every sound that floats
 From the rust within their throats
 Is a groan.
 And the people — ah! the people —
 They that dwell up in the steeple —
 All alone,
 And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,

In that muffled monotone,
 Feel a glory in so rolling
 On the human heart a stone —
 They are neither man nor woman —
 They are neither brute nor human —

They are Ghouls:
 And their king it is who tolls;
 And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls
 A pæan from the bells!
 And his merry bosom swells
 With the pæan of the bells!
 And he dances, and he yells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the pæan of the bells —

Of the bells:
 Keeping time, time, time,
 In a sort of Runic rhyme,
 To the throbbing of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
 To the sobbing of the bells;
 Keeping time, time, time,
 As he knells, knells, knells,
 In a happy Runic rhyme,
 To the rolling of the bells —
 Of the bells, bells, bells —
 To the tolling of the bells,
 Of the bells, bells, bells, bells —
 Bells, bells, bells —
 To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

(b 1809).

LEXINGTON.

Slowly the mist o'er the meadow was creeping,
 Bright on the dewy buds glistened the sun,
 When from his couch, while his children were sleeping
 Rose the bold rebel and shouldered his gun.
 Waving her golden veil
 Over the silent dale,
 Blithe looked the morning on cottage and spire;
 Hushed was his parting sigh,
 While from his noble eye
 Flashed the last sparkle of liberty's fire.

On the smooth green where the fresh leaf is springing
 Calmly the first-born of glory have met;
 Hark! the death-volley around them is ringing!
 'Look! with their life-blood the young grass is wet!
 Faint is the feeble breath,
 Murmuring low in death,
 "Tell to our sons how their fathers have died;"
 Nerveless the iron hand,
 Raised for its native land,
 Lies by the weapon that gleams at its side.

Over the hillsides the wild knell is tolling,
 From their far hamlets the yeomanry come;
 As through the storm-clouds the thunder-burst rolling,
 Circles the beat of the mustering drum.
 Fast on the soldier's path
 Darken the waves of wrath,
 Long have they gathered and loud shall they fall;
 Red glares the musket's flash,
 Sharp rings the rifle's crash,
 Blazing and clanging from thicket and wall.

Gaily the plume of the horseman was dancing,
 Never to shadow his cold brow again;
 Proudly at morning the war-steed was prancing,
 Reeking and panting he droops on the rein;
 Pale is the lip of scorn,
 Voiceless the trumpet horn,
 Torn is the silken-fringed red cross on high;
 Many a belted breast
 Low on the turf shall rest,
 Ere the dark hunters the herd have passed by.

Snow-girdled crags where the hoarse wind is raving,
 Rocks where the weary floods murmur and wail,
 Wilds where the fern by the furrow is waving,
 Reeled with the echoes that rode on the gale;
 Far as the tempest thrills
 Over the darkened hills,
 Far as the sunshine streams over the plain,
 Roused by the tyrant band,
 Woke all the mighty land,
 Girded for battle, from mountain to main.

Green be the graves where her martyrs are lying!
 Shroudless and tombless they sunk to their rest, —
 While o'er their ashes the starry fold flying
 Wraps the proud eagle they roused from his nest.
 Borne on her Northern pine,
 Long o'er the foaming brine
 Spread her broad banner to storm and to sun;
 Heaven keep her ever free,
 Wide as o'er land and sea
 Floats the fair emblem her heroes have won!

ON LENDING A PUNCH-BOWL.

This ancient silver bowl of mine, it tells of good old times,
Of joyous days, and jolly nights, and merry Christmas chimes
They were a free and jovial race, but honest, brave, and true
That dipped their ladle in the punch when this old bowl was new.

A Spanish galleon brought the bar; so runs the ancient tale;
'Twas hammered by an Antwerp smith, whose arm was like a flail,
And now and then between the strokes, for fear his strength
 should fail,
He wiped his brow; and quaffed a cup of good old Flemish ale.

'Twas purchased by an English squire to please his loving dame,
Who saw the cherubs, and conceived a longing for the same;
And oft as on the ancient stock another twig was found,
'Twas filled with caudle spiced and hot, and handed smoking round.

But, changing hands, it reached at length a Puritan divine,
Who used to follow Timothy, and take a little wine,
But hated punch and prelacy; and so it was, perhaps,
He went to Leyden, where he found conventicles and schnaps.

And then, of course, you know what's next, — it left the
 Dutchman's shore
With those that in the Mayflower came, — a hundred souls
 and more, —
Along with all the furniture, to fill their new abodes, —
To judge by what is still on hand, at least a hundred loads.

'Twas on a dreary winter's eve, the night was closing dim,
When brave Miles Standish took the bowl, and filled it to the brim;
The little Captain stood and stirred the posset with his sword,
And all his sturdy men-at-arms were ranged about the board.

He poured the fiery Hollands in, — the man that never feared, —
He took a long and solemn draught, and wiped his yellow beard;

And one by one the musketeers — the men that fought and
prayed —

All drank as 'twere their mother's milk, and not a man afraid.

That night, affrighted from his nest, the screaming eagle flew,
He heard the Pequot's ringing whoop, the soldier's wild halloo;
And there the sachem learned the rule he taught to kith and kin,
"Run from the white man when you find he smells of Hollands gin!"

A hundred years, and fifty more, had spread their leaves and snows,
A thousand rubs had flattened down each little cherub's nose,
When once again the bowl was filled, but not in mirth or joy,
'Twas mingled by a mother's hand to cheer her parting boy.

"Drink, John," she said, "'twill do you good, — poor child,
you'll never bear

This working in the dismal trench, out in the midnight air;
And if — God bless me! — you were hurt, 'twould keep
away the chill."

So John *did* drink, — and well he wrought that night at
Bunkers's Hill!

I tell you, there was generous warmth in good old English cheer;
I tell you, 'twas a pleasant thought to bring its symbol here;
'Tis but the fool that loves excess; hast thou a drunken soul?
Thy bane is in thy shallow skull, not in my silver bowl!

I love the memory of the past, — its pressed yet fragrant
flowers, —

The moss that clothes its broken walls, — the ivy on its towers;
Nay, this poor bauble it bequeathed, — my eyes grow moist and dim,
To think of all the vanished joys that danced around its brim.

Then fill a fair and honest cup, and bear it straight to me;
The goblet hallows all it holds, whate'er the liquid be;
And may the cherubs on its face protect me from the sin,
That dooms one to those dreadful words, — "My dear, where
have you been?"

"QUI VIVE."

"*Qui vive!*" The sentry's musket rings,
 The channelled bayonet gleams;
 High o'er him, like a raven's wings,
 The broad tricoloured banner flings
 Its shadow, rustling as it swings
 Pale in the moonlight beams;
 Pass on; while steel-clad sentries keep
 Their vigil o'er the monarch's sleep,
 Thy bare unguarded breast
 Asks not the unbroken, bristling zone
 That girds yon sceptred trembler's throne; —
 Pass on, and take thy rest!

"*Qui vive!*" How oft the midnight air
 That startling cry has borne!
 How oft the evening breeze has fanned
 The banner of this haughty land,
 O'er mountain snow and desert sand,
 Ere yet its folds were torn!
 Through Jena's carnage flying red,
 Or tossing o'er Marengo's dead,
 Or curling on the towers
 Where Austria's eagle quivers yet,
 And suns the ruffled plumage, wet
 With battle's crimson showers!

"*Qui vive!*" And is the sentry's cry, —
 The sleepless soldier's hand, —
 Are these — the painted folds that fly
 And lift their emblems, printed high
 On morning mist and sunset sky —
 The guardians of a land?
 No! If the patriot's pulses sleep,
 How vain the watch that hirelings keep, —

The idle flag that waves,
 When Conquest with his iron heel,
 Treads down the standards and the steel
 That belt the soil of slaves!

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

(b 1819 — d 1891).

"His magic was not far to seek, —
 He was so human! Whether strong or weak,
 Far from his kind he neither sank nor soared,
 But sate an equal guest at every board:
 No beggar ever felt him condescend,
 No prince presume; for still himself he bare
 At manhood's simple level, and where'er
 He met a stranger, there he left a friend."

THE FOUNTAIN.

Into the sunshine,
 Full of the light,
 Leaping and flashing
 From morn till night;

Into the moonlight,
 Whiter than snow,
 Waving so flower-like
 When the winds blow;

Into the starlight
 Rushing in spray,
 Happy at midnight,
 Happy by day;

Ever in motion,
 Blithesome and cheery,
 Still climbing heavenward,
 Never aweary;

Glad of all weathers,
 Still seeming best,
 Upward or downward,
 Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
 Nothing can tame,
 Changed every moment,
 Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
 Ceaseless content,
 Darkness or sunshine
 Thy element;

Glorious fountain,
 Let my heart be
 Fresh, changeful, constant,
 Upward, like thee!

YUSSOUF.

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
 Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
 Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
 Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
 I come to thee for shelter and for food,
 To Yussouf, called through all our tribes "The C

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
 Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
 Freely shalt thou partake of all my store

As I of His who buildeth over these
 Our tents His glorious roof of night and day,
 And at whose door none ever yet heard Nay."

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
 And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
 My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
 Depart before the prying day grow bold."
 As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
 So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
 Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
 He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
 Sobbing: "O Sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
 I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
 Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
 Into the desert, never to return,
 My one black thought shall ride away from me;
 First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
 Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
 Thou art avenged, my first-born, sleep in peace!"

LEAVING THE MATTER OPEN.

A TALE BY HOMER WILBUR, A.M.

FROM "THE BIGLOW PAPERS".

Two brothers once, an ill-matched pair,
 Together dwelt (no matter where),
 To whom an Uncle Sam, or some one,
 Had left a house and farm in common.
 The two in principles and habits
 Were different as rats from rabbits;

Stout Farmer North, with frugal care,
 Laid up provision for his heir,
 Not scorning with hard sun-browned hands
 To scrape acquaintance with his lands;
 Whatever thing he had to do
 He did, and made it pay him, too;
 He sold his waste stone by the pound,
 His drains made water-wheels spin round,
 His ice in summer-time he sold,
 His wood brought profit when 'twas cold,
 He dug and delved from morn till night,
 Strove to make profit square with right,
 Lived on his means, cut no great dash,
 And paid his debts in honest cash.

On t'other hand, his brother South
 Lived very much from hand to mouth,
 Played gentleman, nursed dainty hands,
 Borrowed North's money on his lands,
 And culled his morals and his graces
 From cock-pits, bar-rooms, fights, and races;
 His sole work in the farming line
 Was keeping droves of long-legged swine,
 Which brought great bothers and expenses
 To North in looking after fences,
 And, when they happened to break through,
 Cost him both time and temper too,
 For South insisted it was plain
 He ought to drive them home again,
 And North consented to the work
 Because he loved to buy cheap pork.

Meanwhile, South's swine increasing fast,
 His farm became too small at last;
 So, having thought the matter over,
 And feeling bound to live in clover
 And never pay the clover's worth,
 He said one day to Brother North: —

“Our families are both increasing,
 And, though we labour without ceasing,
 Our produce soon will be too scant
 To keep our children out of want;
 They who wish fortune to be lasting
 Must be both prudent and forecasting;
 We soon shall need more land; a lot
 I know, that cheaply can be bo’t;
 You lend the cash; I’ll buy the acres,
 And we’ll be equally partakers.”

Poor North, whose Anglo-Saxon blood
 Gave him a hankering after mud,
 Wavered a moment, then consented,
 And, when the cash was paid, repented;
 To make the new land worth a pin,
 Thought he, it must be all fenced in,
 For, if South’s swine once get the run on’t
 No kind of farming can be done on’t;
 If that don’t suit the other side,
 ’Tis best we instantly divide.

But somehow South could ne’er incline
 This way or that to run the line,
 And always found some new pretence
 ’Gainst setting the division fence;
 At last he said: —

“For peace’s sake,
 Liberal concessions I will make;
 Though I believe, upon my soul,
 I’ve a just title to the whole,
 I’ll make an offer which I call
 Gen’rous, — we’ll have no fence at all;
 Then both of us, whene’er we choose,
 Can take what part we want to use,
 If you should chance to need it first,
 Pick you the best, I’ll take the worst.”

"Agreed!" cried North; thought he, This fall
 With wheat and rye I'll sow it all;
 In that way I shall get the start,
 And South may whistle for his part.
 So thought, so done, the field was sown,
 And, winter having come and gone,
 Sly North walked blithely forth to spy
 The progress of his wheat and rye;
 Heavens, what a sight! his brother's swine
 Had asked themselves all out to dine;
 Such grunting, munching, rooting, shoving,
 The soil seemed all alive and moving,
 As for his grain, such work they'd made on't,
 He couldn't spy a single blade on't.

Off in a rage he rushed to South,
 "My wheat and rye" — grief choked his mouth;
 "Pray don't mind me," said South, "but plant
 All of the new land that you want";
 "Yes, but your hogs," cried North;

"The grain
 Won't hurt them," answered South again;
 "But they destroy my crop";

"No doubt;
 'Tis fortunate you've found it out;
 Misfortunes teach, and only they,
 You must not sow it in their way";
 "Nay, you," says North, "must keep them out";
 "Did I create them with a snout?"
 Asked South demurely; "as agreed,
 The land is open to your seed,
 And would you fain prevent my pigs
 From running there their harmless rigs?
 God knows I view this compromise
 With not the most approving eyes;

I gave up my unquestioned rights
 For sake of quiet days and nights;
 I offered then, you know 'tis true,
 To cut the piece of land in two."
 "Then cut it now," growls North;

"Abate

Your heat," says South, "'tis now too late;
 I offered you the rocky corner,
 But you, of your own good the scorner,
 Refused to take it; I am sorry;
 No doubt you might have found a quarry,
 Perhaps a gold-mine, for aught I know,
 Containing heaps of native rhino;
 You can't expect me to resign
 My rights" —

"But where," quoth North, "are mine?"
 "Your rights," says t'other, "well, that's funny,
 I bought the land" —

"I paid the money";

"That," answered South, "is from the point,
 The ownership, you'll grant, is joint;
 I'm sure my only hope and trust is
 Not law so much as abstract justice,
 Though, you remember, 'twas agreed
 That so and so — consult the deed;
 Objections now are out of date,
 They might have answered once, but Fate
 Quashes them at the point we've got to;
Obsta principiis, that's my motto."
 So saying, South began to whistle
 And looked as obstinate as gristle,
 While North went homeward, each brown paw
 Clenched like a knot of natural law,
 And all the while, in either ear,
 Heard something clicking wondrous clear.

WALT WHITMAN.

(b 1819 — d 1892).

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

FROM "THE DRUM-TAPS".

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!
 Through the windows — through doors — burst like a ruthless force,
 Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
 Into the school where the scholar is studying;
 Leave not the bridegroom quiet — no happiness must he have
 now with his bride,
 Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering
 his grain,
 So fierce you whirr and pound you drums — so shrill you bugles
 blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!
 Over the traffic of cities — over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
 Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? no
 sleepers must sleep in those beds,
 No bargainers, bargains by day — no brokers or speculators—
 would they continue?
 Would the talkers be talking? would the singer attempt to sing?
 Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
 Then rattle quicker, heavier drums — you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums! — blow! bugles! blow!
 Make no parley — stop for no expostulation,
 Mind not the timid — mind not the weeper or prayer,
 Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
 Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
 Make even the 'trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting
 the hearses,
 So strong you thump O terrible drums — so loud you bugles blow.

FROM "MEMORIES OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN".

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
 The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
 The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
 While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;

But O heart! heart! heart!

O the bleeding drops of red,

Where on the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
 Rise up — for you the flag is flung — for you the bugle trills,
 For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths — for you the shores
 a-crowding,

For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head!

It is some dream that on the deck,

You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
 My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
 The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
 From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;

Exult O shores, and ring O bells!

But I with mournful tread,

Walk the deck my Captain lies,

Fallen cold and dead.

MAY 4, 1865.

Hush'd be the camps to-day,
 And soldiers let us drape our war-worn weapons,
 And each with musing soul retire to celebrate,
 Our dear commander's death.

No more for him life's stormy conflicts,
 Nor victory, nor defeat — no more time's dark events,
 Charging like ceaseless clouds across the sky.

But sing poet in our name,
 Sing of the love we bore him — because you, dweller in camps,
 know it truly.

As they invault the coffin there,
 Sing — as they close the doors of earth upon him — one verse,
 For the hearts of soldiers.

This dust was once the man,
 Gentle, plain, just and resolute, under whose cautious hand,
 Against the foulest crime in history known in any land or age,
 Was saved the Union of these States.

BAYARD TAYLOR.

(b 1825 — d 1878).

MARIGOLD.

Homely, forgotten flower,
 Under the rose's bower,
 Plain as a weed,
 Thou, the half-summer long,
 Waitest and waxest strong,
 Even as waits a song
 Till men shall heed.

Then, when the lilies die,
 And the carnations lie
 In spicy death,
 Over thy bushy sprays

Burst with a sudden blaze;
 Stars of the August days,
 With Autumn's breath.

Fain would the calyx hold;
 But splits, and half the gold
 Spills lavishly:
 Frost, that the rose appalls,
 Wastes not thy coronals,
 Till Summer's lustre falls
 And fades in thee.

IMPROVISATION.

Near in the forest
 I know a glade;
 Under the tree-tops
 A secret shade!

Vines are the curtains,
 Blossoms the floor;
 Voices of waters
 Sing evermore.

There, when the sunset's
 Lances of gold
 Pierce, or the moonlight
 Is silvery cold,

Would that an angel
 Led thee to me —
 So, out of loneliness
 Love should be!

Never the breezes
 Should lisp what we say,
 Never the waters
 Our secret betray!

Silence and shadow,
 After, might reign:
 But the old life be ours
 Never again!

DECEMBER.

The beech is bare, and bare the ash,
 The thickets white below;
 The fir-tree scowls with hoar moustache,
 He cannot sing for snow.

The body-guard of veteran pines,
 A grim battalion, stands;
 They ground their arms, in ordered lines,
 For Winter so commands.

The waves are dumb along the shore,
 The river's pulse is still;
 The north-wind's bugle blows no more
 Reveillé from the hill.

The rustling sift of falling snow,
 The muffled crush of leaves,
 These are the sounds suppressed, that show
 How much the forest grieves;

But, as the blind and vacant Day
 Crawls to his ashy bed,
 I hear dull echoes far away,
 Like drums above the dead.

Sigh with me, Pine that never changed!
 Thou wear'st the Summer's hue;
 Her other loves are all estranged,
 But thou and I are true!

TO THE NILE.

Mysterious Flood, — that through the silent sands
 Hast wandered, century on century,
 Watering the length of great Egyptian lands,
 Which were not, but for thee, —

Art thou the keeper of that eldest lore,
 Written ere yet thy hieroglyphs began,
 When dawned upon thy fresh, untrampled shore
 The earliest life of Man?

Thou guardest temple and vast pyramid,
 Where the gray Past records its ancient speech;
 But in thine unrevealing breast lies hid
 What they refuse to teach.

All other streams with human joys and fears
 Run blended, o'er the plains of History:
 Thou tak'st no note of Man; a thousand years
 Are as a day to thee.

What were to thee the Osirian festivals?
 Or Memnon's music on the Theban plain?
 The carnage, when Cambyzes made thy halls
 Ruddy with royal slain?

Even then thou wast a God, and shrines were built
 For worship of thine own majestic flood;
 For thee the incense burned, — for thee was spilt
 The sacrificial blood.

And past the bannered pylons that arose
 Above thy palms, the pageantry and state,
 Thy current flowed, calmly as now it flows,
 Unchangeable as Fate.

Thou givest blessing as a God might give,
 Whose being is his bounty: from the slime
 Shaken from off thy skirts the nations live,
 Through all the years of Time.

In thy solemnity, thine awful calm,
 Thy grand indifference of Destiny,
 My soul forgets its pain, and drinks the balm
 Which thou dost proffer me.

Thy godship is unquestioned still: I bring
 No doubtful worship to thy shrine supreme;
 But thus my homage as a chaplet fling,
 To float upon thy stream!

ON LEAVING CALIFORNIA.

O fair young land, the youngest, fairest far
 Of which our world can boast, —
 Whose guardian planet, Evening's silver star
 Illumes thy golden coast, —

How art thou conquered, tamed in all the pride
 Of savage beauty still!
 How brought, O panther of the splendid hide,
 To know thy master's will!

No more thou sittest on thy tawny hills
 In indolent repose;
 Or pour'st the crystal of a thousand rills
 Down from thy house of snows.

But where the wild-oats wrapped thy knees in gold,
 The ploughman drives his share,
 And where, through canons deep, thy streams are rolled,
 The miner's arm is bare.

Yet in thy lap, thus rudely rent and torn
 A nobler seed shall be:
 Mother of mighty men, thou shalt not mourn
 Thy lost virginity!

Thy human children shall restore the grace
 Gone with thy fallen pines:
 The wild, barbaric beauty of thy face
 Shall round to classic lines.

And Order, Justice, Social Law shall curb
 Thy untamed energies;
 And Art and Science, with their dreams superb,
 Replace thine ancient ease.

The marble, sleeping in thy mountains now,
 Shall live in sculptures rare;
 Thy native oak shall crown the sage's brow, —
 Thy bay, the poet's hair.

Thy tawny hills shall bleed their purple wine,
 Thy valleys yield their oil;
 And Music, with her eloquence divine,
 Persuade thy sons to toil!

Till Hesper, as he trims his silver beam,
 No happier land shall see,
 And Earth shall find her old Arcadian dream
 Restored again in thee!

NAPOLÉON AT GOTHÄ.

We walk amid the currents of actions left undone,
 The germs of deeds that wither, before they see the sun.
 For every sentence uttered, a million more are dumb:
 Men's lives are chains of chances, and History their sum.

Not he, the Syracusan, but each impurpled lord
 Must eat his banquet under the hair-suspended sword;
 And one swift breath of silence may fix or change the fate
 Of him whose force is building the fabric of a state.

Where o'er the windy uplands the slated turrets shine,
 Duke August ruled at Gotha, in Castle Friedenstein, —
 A handsome prince and courtly, of light and shallow heart,
 No better than he should be, but with a taste for Art.

The fight was fought at Jena, eclipsed was Prussia's sun,
 And by the French invaders the land was overrun;
 But while the German people were silent in despair,
 Duke August painted pictures, and curled his yellow hair.

Now, when at Erfurt gathered the ruling royal clan,
 Themselves the humble subjects, their lord the Corsican,
 Each bade to ball and banquet the sparer of his line:
 Duke August with the others, to Castle Friedenstein.

Then were the larders rummaged, the forest-stags were slain,
 The tuns of oldest vintage showered out their golden rain;
 The towers were bright with banners, — but all the people said!
 "We, slaves, must feed our master, — would God that he were dead!"

They drilled the ducal guardsmen, men young and straight and tall;
 To form a double column, from gate to castle-wall;
 And as there were but fifty, the first must wheel away,
 Fall in beyond the others, and lengthen the array.

"*Parbleu!*" Napoleon muttered: "Your Highness' guards I prize,
 So young and strong and handsome, and all of equal size!"
 "You, Sire," replied Duke August, "may have as fine, if you
 Will twice or thrice repeat them, as I am forced to do!"

Now, in the Castle household, of all the folk, was one
 Whose heart was hot within him, the Ducal Huntsman's son;

A proud and bright-eyed stripling; scarce fifteen years he had,
 But free of hall and chamber: Duke August loved the lad.

He saw the forceful homage; he heard the shouts that came
 From base throats, or unwilling, but equally of shame:
 He thought: "*One* man has done it, — *one* life would free the land,
 But all are slaves and cowards, and none will lift a hand!

"My grandsire hugged a bear to death, when broke his hunting-spear,
 And has this little Frenchman a muzzle I should fear?
 If kings are cowed, and princes, and all the land is scared,
 Perhaps a boy can show them the thing they might have dared!"

Napoleon on the morrow was coming once again,
 And all the castle knew it) without his courtly train;
 And, when the stairs were mounted, there was no other road
 But one long, lonely passage, to where the Duke abode.

None guessed the secret purpose the silent stripling kept:
 Deep in the night he waited, and, when his father slept,
 Took from the rack of weapons a musket old and tried,
 And cleaned the lock and barrel, and laid it at his side.

He held it fast in slumber, he lifted it in dreams
 Of sunlit mountain-forests and stainless mountain-streams;
 And in the morn he loaded — the load was bullets three:
 For Deutschland — for Duke August — and now the third for me!"

"What! ever wilt be hunting?" the stately Marshal cried;
 "I'll fetch a stag of twenty!" the pale-faced boy replied,
 As, clad in forest colour, he sauntered through the court,
 And said, when none could hear him: "Now, may the time be short!"

The corridor was vacant, the windows full of sun;
 He stole within the midmost, and primed afresh his gun;
 Then stood, with all his senses alert in ear and eye
 To catch the lightest signal that showed the Emperor nigh.

A sound of wheels: a silence: the muffled sudden jar
 Of guards their arms presenting: a footstep mounting far,
 Then nearer, briskly nearer, — a footstep, and alone!
 And at the farther portal appeared Napoleon!

Alone, his hands behind him, his firm and massive head
 With brooded plans uplifted, he came with measured tread:
 And yet, those feet had shaken the nations from their poise,
 And yet, that will to shake them depended on the boy's!

With finger on the trigger, the gun held hunter-wise,
 His rapid heart-beats sending the blood to brain and eyes,
 The boy stood, firm and deadly, — another moment's space,
 And then the Emperor saw him, and halted, face to face.

A mouth as cut in marble, an eye that pierced and stung
 As might a god's, all-seeing, the soul of one so young:
 A look that read his secret, that lamed his callow will,
 That inly smiled, and dared him his purpose to fulfil!

As one a serpent trances, the boy, forgetting all,
 Felt but that face, nor noted the harmless musket's fall;
 Nor breathed, nor thought, nor trembled; but, pale and
 cold as stone,
 Saw pass, nor look behind him, the calm Napoleon.

And these two kept their secret; but from that day began
 The sense of fate and duty that made the boy a man;
 And long he lived to tell it, — and, better, lived to say:
 "God's purposes were grander; He thrust me from His way!"

THE SONG OF MIGNON.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.)

Know'st thou the land where citron-flowers unfold?
 Through dusky foliage gleams the orange-gold;
 Soft breezes float beneath the dark-blue sky;
 The myrtle sleeps, the laurel shoots on high?
 Thither — that land dost thou not know?
 Would I with thee, O my Belovèd, go!

Know'st thou the house, its roof on pillars fair?
 The long hall shines, the chambers glimmer there;
 And marble statues stand and gaze on me:
 Poor child, they say, what ill was done to thee?
 Thither — that house dost thou not know?
 Would I with thee, O my Protector, go.

Know'st thou the mountain? Through the cloud it soars;
 In rolling mist the mule his path explores;
 The ancient dragons haunt its caverns deep,
 And o'er the crashing rock the torrents leap?
 Thither — the hills dost thou not know?
 Our pathway leads: O Father, let us go!

 THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH.

(b 1836).

DECEMBER 1863.

Only the sea intoning,
 Only the wainscot-mouse,
 Only the wild wind moaning
 Over the lonely house.

Darkest of all Decembers
Ever my life has known,
Sitting here by the embers,
Stunned and helpless, alone, —

Dreaming of two graves lying
Out in the damp and chill;
One where the buzzard, flying,
Pauses at Malvern Hill.

The other, — alas! the pillows
Of that uneasy bed
Rise and fall with the billows
Over our sailor's head.

Theirs the heroic story, —
Died by frigate and town!
Theirs the calm and the glory,
Theirs the cross and the crown.

Mine to linger and languish
Here by the wintry sea,
Ah faint heart! in thy anguish,
What is there left to thee?

Only the sea intoning,
Only the wainscot mouse,
Only the wild wind moaning
Over the lonely house.

FRANCIS BRET HARTE.

(b 1837).

AFTER THE ACCIDENT.

(AT THE MOUTH OF THE SHAFT.)

What I want is my husband;
 And if you're a man, Sir,
 You'll give me an answer —
 Where is my Joe?

Penrhyn, Sir, Joe —
 Caernarvonshire.
 Six months ago
 Since we came here.
 Eh? — Ah, you know!

Well, I *am* quiet
 And still:
 But I must stand here,
 And will!
 Please — I'll be strong,
 If you'll just let me wait
 Inside o' that gate
 Till the news comes along.

"Negligence" —
 That was the cause?
 Butchery!
 Are there no laws —
 Laws to protect such as we?

Well, then!
 I won't raise my voice.
 There, men!
 I won't make no noise.
 Only just let me be.

Four, only four — did he say —
 Saved! and the other ones? — Eh?

Why do they call?

Why are they all

Looking and coming this way?

What's that? — a message?

I'll take it.

I know his wife, Sir!

I'll break it.

"Foreman!"

Ay, ay!

"Out by and by —

Just saved his life.

Say to his wife

Soon he'll be free."

Will I? — God bless you!

It's *me*!

A GREYPORT LEGEND.

They ran through the streets of the sea-port town:

They peered from the decks of the ships that lay:

The cold sea-fog that came whitening down

Was never as cold or white as they.

"Ho, Starbuck and Pinckney and Tenterden!

Run for your shallops, gather your men,

Scatter your boats on the lower bay."

Good cause for fear! In the thick mid-day

The hulk that lay by the rotting pier,

Filled with the children in happy play

Parted its moorings, and drifted clear, —

Drifted clear beyond reach or call, —

Thirteen children they were in all, —
All adrift in the lower bay!

And a hard-faced skipper, "God help us all!
She will not float till the turning tide!"
And his wife, "My darling will hear *my* call,
Whether in sea or Heaven she bide."

And she lifted a quavering voice and high,
Wild and strange as a sea-bird's cry,
Till they shuddered and wondered at her side.

The fog drove down on each labouring crew,
Veiled each from each and the sky and shore:
There was not a sound but the breath they drew,
And the lap of water and creak of oar;
And they felt the breath of the downs fresh blown
O'er leagues of clover and cold gray stone,
But not from the lips that had gone before.

They come no more. But they tell the tale,
That, when fogs are thick on the harbour reef,
The mackerel fishers shorten sail,
For the signal they know will bring relief:
For the voices of children, still at play
In a phantom hulk that drifts away
Through channels whose waters never fail.

It is but a foolish shipman's tale,
A theme for a poet's idle page;
It still, when the mists of doubt prevail,
And we lie becalmed by the shores of Age,
We hear from the misty troubled shore
The voice of the children gone before
Drawing the soul to its anchorage.

JOHN HAY.

(b 1838).

THE ENCHANTED SHIRT.

The King was sick. His cheek was red,
And his eye was clear and bright;
He ate and drank with a kingly zest,
And peacefully snored at night.

But he said he was sick, and a king should know,
And doctors came by the score.
Thy did not cure him. He cut off their heads,
And sent to the schools for more.

At last two famous doctors came,
And one was as poor as a rat, —
He had passed his life in studious toil,
And never found time to grow fat.

The other had never looked in a book;
His patients gave him no trouble:
If they recovered, they paid him well;
If they died, their heirs paid double.

Together they looked at the royal tongue,
As the King on his couch reclined;
In succession they thumped his august chest,
But no trace of disease could find.

The old sage said, "You're as sound as a nut."
"Hang him up," roared the King in a gale —
In a ten-knot gale of royal rage;
The other leech grew a shade pale;

But he pensively rubbed his sagacious nose,
 And thus his prescription ran —
*The King will be well, if he sleeps one night
 In the Shirt of a Happy Man.*

* * * * *

Wide o'er the realm the couriers rode,
 And fast their horses ran,
 And many they saw, and to many they spoke,
 But they found no Happy Man.

They found poor men who would fain be rich,
 And rich who thought they were poor;
 And men who twisted their waist in stays,
 And women that short hose wore.

They saw two men by the road side sit,
 And both bemoaned their lot:
 For one had buried his wife, he said,
 And the other one had not.

At last they came to a village gate,
 A beggar lay whistling there;
 He whistled, and sang, and laughed, and rolled
 On the grass in the soft June air.

The weary courtiers paused and looked
 At the scamp so blithe and gay;
 And one of them said, "Heaven save you, friend!
 You seem to be happy to-day."

"O yes, fair Sirs," the rascal laughed,
 And his voice rang free and glad;
 "An idle man has so much to do
 That he never has time to be sad."

"This is our man," the courier said;
 "Our luck has lead us aright.
 I will give you a hundred ducats, friend,
 For the loan of your shirt to-night."

The merry black-guard lay back on the grass,
 And laughed till his face was black;
 "I would do it, God wot," and he roared with the fun
 "But I haven't a shirt to my back."

* * * * *

Each day to the King the reports came in
 Of his unsuccessful spies,
 And the sad panorama of human woes
 Passed daily under his eyes.

And he grew ashamed of his useless life,
 And his maladies hatched in gloom;
 He opened his windows and let the air
 Of the free heaven into his room.

And out he went in the world, and toiled
 In his own appointed way;
 And the people blessed him, the land was glad,
 And the King was well and gay.

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